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FARDOROUGH, THE MISER.

It was on one of those nights in August, when the moon and stars shine through an atmosphere clear and cloudless, with a mildness of lustre almost continental, that a horseman, advancing at a rapid pace, turned off a remote branch of road up a narrow lane, and, dismounting before a neat whitewashed cottage, gave a quick and impatient knock at the door. Almost instantly, out of a small window that opened on hinges, was protruded a broad female face, surrounded, by way of night-cap, with several folds of flannel, that had originally been white.

"Is Mary Moan at home?" said the horseman.

"For a maricle—ay!" replied the female; "who's down, in the name o' goodness?"

"Why, thin, I'm thinkin' you'll be smilin' whin you hear it," replied the messenger. "The sorra one else than Honor Donovan, that's now married upon Fardorougha Donovan to the tune of thirteen years. Be dad, time for her, anyhow—but, sure it'll be good whin it comes, we're thinkin'."

"Well, betther late than never—the Lord be praised for all his gifts, anyhow. Put your horse down to the mountin'-stone, and I'll be wid you in half a jiffy, acushla."

She immediately drew in her head, and ere the messenger had well placed his horse at the afore-said stirrup, or mounting-stone, which is an indispensable adjunct to the midwife's cottage, she issued out, cloaked and bonneted; for, in point of fact, her practice was so extensive, and the demands upon her attendance so incessant, that she seldom, if ever, slept or went to bed, unless partially dressed. And such was her habit of vigilance, that she ultimately became an illustration of the old Roman proverb, *Non dormio omnibus*; that is to say, she could sleep as sound as a top to every possible noise except a knock at the door, to which she might be said, during the greater part of her professional life, to have been instinctively awake.

Having ascended the mounting-stone, and placed herself on the crupper, the guide and she, while passing down the narrow and difficult lane, along which they could proceed but slowly and with caution, entered into the following dialogue, she having first turned up the hood of her cloak over her bonnet, and tied a spotted cotton kerchief round her neck.

"This," said the guide, who was Fardorougha Donovan's servant-man, "is a quare enough business, as some o' the nabors do be sayin'—married upon one another beyant thirteen year, an' ne'er a sign of a haporth. Why then begad it is quare."

"Whisht, whisht," replied Molly, with an expression of mysterious and superior knowledge; "don't be spakin' about what you don't understand—sure, nuttin's impossible to God, avick—don't you know that?"

"Oh, bedad, sure enough—that we must allow, whether or not, still!"

"Very well; seein' that, what more have we to

say, barrin' to hould our tongues. Childre sent late always come either for great good or great sarra to their parents—an' God grant that this may be for good to the honest people—for indeed honest people they are, by all accounts. But what myself wonders at is, that Honor Donovan never once opened her lips to me about it. However, God's will be done! The Lord send her safe over all her troubles, poor woman! And, now that we're out o' this thief of a lane, lay an for the bare life, and never heed me. I'm as good a horse-man as yourself; and, indeed, I've a good right, for I'm an ould hand at it."

"I'm thinkin'," she added, after a short silence, "it's odd I never was much acquainted with the Donovans. I'm tould they're a hard pack, that loves the money."

"Faix," replied her companion, "let Fardorougha alone for knowin' the value of a shillin'!—they're not in Europe can hould a harder grip o' one."

His master, in fact, was a hard, frugal man, and his mistress a woman of somewhat similar character; both were strictly honest, but, like many persons to whom God has denied offspring, their hearts had for a considerable time before been placed upon money as their idol; for, in truth, the affections must be fixed upon something, and we generally find that where children are denied, the world comes in and hardens by its influence the best and tenderest sympathies of humanity.

After a journey of two miles they came out on a hay-track, that skirted an extensive and level sweep of meadow, along which they proceeded with as much speed as a pillionless midwife was capable of bearing. At length, on a gentle declivity facing the south, they espied in the distance the low, long, whitewashed farm-house of Fardorougha Donovan. There was little of artificial ornament about the place, but much of the rough, heart-stirring wildness of nature, as it appeared in a strong, vigorous district, well cultivated, but without being tamed down by those finer and more graceful touches, which now-a-days mark the skilful hand of the scientific agriculturist.

To the left waved a beautiful hazel glen, which gradually softened away into the meadows above mentioned. Up behind the house stood an ancient plantation of whitethorn, which, during the month of May, diffused its fragrance, its beauty, and its melody, over the whole farm. The plain garden was hedged round by the graceful poplar, whilst here and there were studded over the fields either single trees or small groups of mountain ash, a tree still more beautiful than the former. The small dells about the farm were closely covered with blackthorn and holly, with an occasional oak shooting up from some little cliff, and towering sturdily over its lowly companions. Here grew a thick interwoven mass of dog-tree, and upon a wild hedgerow, leaning like a beautiful wife upon a rugged husband, might be seen supported by clumps of blackthorn that most fragrant and exquisite of creepers, the delicious honey-suckle. Add to this the neat appearance of the farm itself, with its meadows and cornfields waving to the soft sunny

breeze of summer, and the reader may admit, that without possessing any striking features of pictorial effect, it would, nevertheless, be difficult to find an uplying farm upon which the eye could rest with greater satisfaction.

Ere arriving at the house they were met by Fardorougha himself, a small man, with dark, but well-set features, which being at no time very placid, appeared now to be absolutely gloomy, yet marked by strong and profound anxiety.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed on meeting them; "Is this Mary Moan?"

"It is—it is!" she exclaimed; "how are all within!—Am I in time?"

"Only poorly," he returned; "you are, I hope."

The midwife, when they reached the door, got herself dismounted in all haste, and was about entering the house, when Fardorougha, laying his hand upon her shoulder, said in a tone of voice full of deep feeling—

"I need say nothing to you; what you can do, you will do—but one thing I expect—if you see danger, call in assistance."

"It's all in the hands o' God, Fardorougha, acushla; be as aisy in your mind as you can; if there's need for more help you'll hear it; so keep the man an' horse both ready."

She then blessed herself, and entered the house, repeating a short prayer, or charm, which was supposed to possess uncommon efficacy in relieving cases of the nature she was then called upon to attend.

Fardorougha Donovan was a man of great good sense, and of strong, but not obvious or flexible feeling; that is to say, on strong occasions he felt accordingly, but exhibited no remarkable symptoms of emotion. In matters of a less important character, he was either deficient in sensibility altogether, or it affected him so slightly as not to be perceptible. What his dispositions and feelings might have been, had his parental affections and domestic sympathies been cultivated by the tender intercourse which subsists between a parent and his children, it is not easy to say. On such occasions many a new and delightful sensation—many a sweet trait of affection previously unknown—and, oh! many, many a fresh impulse of rapturous emotion never before felt gushes out of the heart; all of which, were it not for the existence of ties so delightful, might have there lain sealed up forever. Where is the man who does not remember the strange impression of tumultuous delight which he experienced on finding himself a husband? And who does not recollect that nameless charm, amounting almost to a new sense, which pervaded his whole being with tenderness and transport on kissing the rose-bud lips of his first-born babe? It is, indeed, by the ties of domestic life that the purity and affection and the general character of the human heart are best tried. What is there more beautiful than to see that fountain of tenderness multiplying its affections instead of diminishing them, according as claim after claim arises to make fresh demands upon its love? Love, and especially parental love, like jealousy, increases by what it feeds on. But, oh! from what an unknown world of exquisite enjoyment are they shut out, to whom Providence has not vouchsafed those beloved beings on whom the heart lavishes the whole fulness of its rapture! No wonder that their own affections should wither in the cold gloom of disappointed hope, or their hearts harden

into that moody spirit of worldly-mindedness which adopts for its offspring the miser's idol.

Whether Fardorougha felt the want of children acutely or otherwise, could not be inferred from any visible indication of regret on his part by those who knew him. His own wife, whose facilities of observation were so great and so frequent, was only able to suspect in the affirmative. For himself he neither murmured nor repined; but she could perceive that, after a few years had passed, a slight degree of gloom began to settle on him, and an anxiety about his crops, and his few cattle, and the produce of his farm. He also began to calculate the amount of what might be saved from the fruits of their united industry. Sometimes, but indeed upon rare occasions, his temper appeared inclining to be irascible or impatient; but in general it was grave, cold, and inflexible, without any outbreaks of passion, or the slightest disposition to mirth. His wife's mind, however, was by no means so firm as his, nor so free from the traces of that secret regret which preyed upon it. She both murmured and repined, and often in terms which drew from Fardorougha a cool rebuke for her want of resignation to the will of God. As years advanced, however, her disappointment became harassing even to herself, and now that hope began to die away, her heart gradually partook of the cool worldly spirit which had seized upon the disposition of her husband. Though cultivating but a small farm, which they held at a high rent, yet, by the dint of frugality and incessant diligence, they were able to add a little each year to the small stock of money which they had contrived to put together. Still would the unhappy reflection that they were childless steal painfully and heavily over them; the wife would sometimes murmur, and the husband reprove her, but in a tone so cool and indifferent that she could not avoid concluding that his own want of resignation, though not expressed, was at heart equal to her own. Each also became somewhat religious, and both remarkable for a punctual attendance upon the rites of their church, and that in proportion as the love of temporal things overcame them. In this manner they lived upwards of thirteen years, when Mrs. Donovan declared herself to be in that situation which in due time rendered the services of Mary Moan necessary.

From the moment this intimation was given, and its truth confirmed, a faint light, not greater than the dim and trembling lustre of a single star, broke in upon the darkened affections and worldly spirit of Fardorougha Donovan. Had the announcement taken place within any reasonable period after his marriage, before he had become sick of disappointment, or had surrendered his heart from absolute despair to an incipient spirit of avarice, it would no doubt have been hailed with all the eager delight of unblighted hope and vivid affection; but now a new and subtle habit had been superinduced, after the last cherished expectation of the heart had departed; a spirit of foresight and severe calculation descended on him, and had so nearly saturated his whole being, that he could not for some time actually determine whether the knowledge of his wife's situation was more agreeable to his affection, or repugnant to the parsimonious disposition which had quickened his heart into an energy incompatible with natural benevolence, and the perception of those tender ties which spring up from the relations of domestic life. For a considerable time this struggle between

the two principles went on; sometimes a new hope would spring up, attended in the background by a thousand affecting circumstances—on the other hand, some gloomy and undefinable dread of exigency, distress, and ruin, would ring his heart and sink his spirits down to positive misery. Notwithstanding this conflict between growing aversion and affection, the star of the father's love had risen, and though, as we have already said, its light was dim and unsteady, yet the moment a single opening occurred in the clouded mind, there it was to be seen serene and pure, a beautiful emblem of undying and solitary affection struggling with the cares and angry passions of life. By degrees, however, the husband's heart became touched by the hopes of his younger years, former associations revived, and remembrances of past tenderness, though blunted in a heart so much changed, came over him like the breath of fragrance that has nearly passed away. He began, therefore, to contemplate the event without foreboding, and by the time the looked-for period arrived, if the world and its debasing influences were not utterly overcome, yet nature and the quickening tenderness of a father's feelings had made a considerable progress in a heart from which they had been long banished. Far different from all this was the history of his wife since her perception of an event so delightful. In her was no bitter and obstinate principle subversive of affection to be overcome. For although she had in latter years sunk into the painful apathy of a hopeless spirit, and given herself somewhat to the world, yet no sooner did the unexpected light dawn upon her, than her whole soul was filled with exultation and delight. The world and its influence passed away like a dream, and her heart melted into a habit of tenderness at once so novel and exquisite, that she often assured her husband she had never felt happiness before.

Such are the respective states of feeling in which our readers find Fardorougha Donovan and his wife, upon an occasion whose consequences run too far into futurity for us to determine at present whether they are to end in happiness or misery. For a considerable time that evening, before the arrival of Mary Moan, the males of the family had taken up their residence in an inside kiln, where, after having kindled a fire in the draught-hole, or what the Scotch call the "logie," they sat and chatted in that kind of festive spirit which such an event uniformly produces among the servants of a family. Fardorougha himself remained for the most part with them, that is to say, except while ascertaining from time to time the situation of his wife. His presence, however, was only a restraint upon their good-humor, and his niggardly habits raised some rather uncomplimentary epithets during his short visits of inquiry. It is customary upon such occasions, as soon as the mistress of the family is taken ill, to ask the servants to drink "an aisy bout to the mistress, sir, an' a speedy recovery, not forgettin' a safe landin' to the youngster, and like a Christmas compliment, many of them to you both. Whoo! death alive, but that's fine stuff. Oh, begorra, the mistress can't but thrive wid that in the house. Thank you, sir, an' wishin' her once more safe over her troubles!—divil a better mistress ever," &c. &c. &c.

Here, however, there was nothing of the kind. Fardorougha's heart, in the first instance, was against the expense, and besides, its present

broodings resembled the throes of pain which break out from the stupor that presses so heavily upon the exhausted functions of life in the crisis of a severe fever. He could not, in fact, rest nor remain for any length of time in the same spot. With a slow but troubled step he walked backward and forward, sometimes uttering indistinct ejaculations and broken sentences, such as no one could understand. At length he approached his own servants, and addressed the messenger whose name was Nogher M'Cormick.

"Nogher," said he, "I'm troubled."

"Throubled! dad, Fardorougha, you ought to be a happy and a thankful man this night, that is, if God sinds the mistress safe over it, as I hope he will, plase goodness."

"I'm poor, Nogher, I'm poor, an' here 's a family comin'."

"Faith, take care it's not sin you're committin' by spakin' as you're doin'."

"But you know I'm poor, Nogher."

"But I know you're *not*, Fardorougha; but I'm afraid, if God has n't sed it, that your heart's too much fix'd upon the world. Be my faix, it's on your knees you ought to be this same night, thankin' the Almighty for his goodness, and not grumblin' an' shreelin' about the place, flyin' in the face of God for sendin' you an' your wife a blessin'—for sure I hear the scripthur says that all childres a blessin' if they're resaved as sich; an' vo be to the man, says scripthur, dat's born wid a millstone about his neck, espishally if he's cast into the *say*. I know you pray enough, but, be my sowl, it has n't improved your morals, or it 's the mistress' health we'd be drinkin' in a good bottle o' whiskey at the present time. Faix, myself would n't be much surprised if she had a hard twist in quensequence, an' if she does, the fault's your own an' not ours, for we're willin' as the flowers o' May to drink all sorts o' good luck to her."

"Nogher," said the other, "it's truth a grate dale of what you've sed—may be all of it."

"Faith, I know," returned Nogher, "that about the whiskey it's parfit gospel."

"In one thing I'll be advised by you, an' that is, I'll go to my knees and pray to God to set my heart right if it's wrong. I feel strange—strange Nogher—happy, an' not happy."

"You need n't go to your knees at all," replied Nogher, "if you give us the whiskey; or if you do pray, be in earnest, that your heart may be inclined to do it."

"You deserve none for them words," said Fardorougha, who felt that Nogher's buffoonery jarred upon the better feelings that were rising within him—"you deserve none, an' you'll get none—for the present at least, an' I'm only a fool for spakin' to you."

He then retired to the upper part of the kiln, where, in a dark corner, he knelt with a troubled heart, and prayed to God.

We doubt not but such readers as possess feeling will perceive that Fardorougha was not only an object at this particular period of much interest, but also entitled to sincere sympathy. Few men in his circumstances could or probably would so earnestly struggle with a predominant passion as he did, though without education, or such a knowledge of the world as might enable him, by any observation of the human heart in others, to understand the workings of his own. He had not been ten minutes at prayer when the voice of his female servant was heard in loud and exulting

tones, calling out, ere she approached the kiln itself—

"Fardorougha, ca woul thu?—Where's my footin', masher? Where's my arles?—Come in—come in, you're a wantin' to kiss your son—the mistress is dyin' till you kiss our son."

The last words were uttered as she entered the kiln.

"Dyin'!" he repeated—"the mistress dyin'—oh Susy, let a thousand childre go before *her*—dyin'! did you say dyin'?"

"Ay did I, an' it's truth too; but it's wid joy she's dyin' to see you kiss one of the purtiest young boys in all the barony of Lisnamona—myself's over head and ears in love wid him in ready."

He gave a rapid glance upwards, so much so that it was scarcely perceptible, and immediately accompanied her into the house. The child, in the mean time, had been dressed, and lay on its mother's arm in the bed when its father entered. He approached the bed-side and glanced at it—then at the mother who lay smiling beside it—she extended her hand to him, whilst the soft, sweet tears of delight ran quietly down her cheeks. When he seized her hand he stooped to kiss her, but she put her other hand up and said—

"No, no, you must kiss *him* first."

He instantly stooped over the babe, took it in his arms, looked long and earnestly upon it, put it up near him, again gave it a long, intense gaze, after which he raised his little mouth to his own, and then imprinted the father's first kiss upon the fragrant lips of his beloved first-born. Having gently deposited the precious babe upon its mother's arm, he caught her hand and imprinted upon her lips a kiss:—but to those who understand it we need not describe it—to those who cannot, we could give no adequate notion of that which we are able in no other way to describe than by saying that it would seem as if the condensed enjoyment of a whole life were concentrated into that embrace of the child and mother.

When this tender scene was over, the midwife commenced—

"Well, if ever a man had rason to be thank—"

"Silence, woman!" he exclaimed in a voice which hushed her almost into terror.

"Let him alone," said the wife, addressing her, "let him alone, I know what he feels."

"No," he replied, "even you, Honora, don't know it—my heart, my heart went astray, and there, under God and my Saviour, is the being that will be the salvation of his father."

His wife understood him and was touched; the tears fell fast from her eyes, and, extending her hand to him, she said, as he elapsed it:

"Sure, Fardorougha, the world won't be as much in your heart now, nor your temper so dark as it was."

He made no reply; but, placing his other hand over his eyes, he sat in that posture for some minutes. On raising his head the tears were running as if involuntarily down his cheeks.

"Honora," said he, "I'll go out for a little—you can tell Mary Moan where anything's to be had—let them all be trated so as that they don't take too much—and, Mary Moan, you won't be forgotten."

He then passed out, and did not appear for upwards of an hour, nor could any one of them tell where he had been.

"Well," said Honora, after he had left the

room, "we're now married near fourteen years: and until this night I never see him shed a tear."

"But sure, acushla, if anything can touch a father's heart, the sight of his first child will. Now keep yourself asy, avournen, and tell me where the whiskey an' anything else that may be a wantin' is, till I give these crathurs of sarvints a dhrop of something to comfort them."

At this time, however, Mrs. Donovan's mother and two sisters, who had some hours previously been sent for, just arrived, a circumstance which once more touched the newly awakened chord of the mother's heart, and gave her that confidence which the presence of "one's own blood," as the people express it, always communicates upon such occasions. After having kissed and admired the babe, and bedewed its face with the warm tears of affection, they piously knelt down, as is the custom among most Irish families, and offered up a short but fervent prayer of gratitude as well for an event so happy, as for her safe delivery, and the future welfare of the mother and child. When this was performed, they set themselves to the distribution of the blithe meat or groaning malt, a duty which the midwife transferred to them with much pleasure, this being a matter which, except in cases of necessity, she considers beneath the dignity of her profession. The servants were accordingly summoned in due time, and, headed by Nogher, soon made their appearance. In events of this nature, servants in Ireland, and we believe everywhere else, are always allowed a considerable stretch of good-humored license in those observations which they are in the habit of making. Indeed, this is not so much an extemporaneous indulgence of wit on their part, as a mere repetition of the set phrases and traditional apothegms which have been long established among the peasantry, and as they are in general expressive of present satisfaction and good wishes for the future, so would it be looked upon as churlishness, and in some cases, on the part of the servants, a sign of ill-luck to neglect them.

"Now," said Honora's mother to the servants of both sexes, "now, childre, that you've aite a trifle, you must taste something in the way of dhrink. It would be too bad on *this* night above all nights we've seen yet, not to have a glass to the stranger's health at all events. Here, Nogher, thry this, avick—you never got a glass wid a warmer heart."

Nogher took the liquor, his grave face charged with suppressed humor, and first looking upon his fellow-servants with a countenance so droll yet dry, that none but themselves understood it, he then directed a very sober glance at the good woman.

"Thank you, ma'am," he exclaimed; "be goxty, sure enough if our hearts would n't get warm now, they'd never warm. A happy night it is for Fardorougha and the mistress, at any rate. I'll engage the stranger was worth waitin' for, too. I'll hould a thrifle, he's the beauty o' the world this minnit—an' I'll engage it's breeches we'll have to be gettin' for him some o' these days, the darlin'. Well, here's his health, any way; an' may he"—

"Hush, aragorah!" exclaimed the midwife; "stop, I say—the tree afore the fruit, all the world over; don't you know, an' bad win to you, that if the stranger was to go to-morrow, as good might come after him, while the parent stocks are to the fore. The mother an' father first, acushla, an' *thin* the stranger."

"Many thanks to you, Mrs. Moan," replied Nogher, "for settin' me right—sure we'll know something ourselves whin it comes our turn, please

goodness. If the mistress is n't asleep, by goxty, I'd call in to her, that I'm dhrinkin' her health."

"She's not asleep," said her mother; "an' proud she'll be, poor thing, to hear you, Nogher."

"Misthress!" he said, in a loud voice, "are you asleep, ma'am?"

"No, indeed, Nogher," she replied, in a good-humored tone of voice.

"Well, ma'am," said Nogher, still in a loud voice, and scratching his head, "here's your health; an' now that the ice is bruk—be goxty, an' so it is sure," said he in an undertone to the rest—"Peggy, behave yourself," he continued to one of the servant-maids, "mockin' 's catchin': faix, you dunna what's afore yourself yet—beg pardon—I'm forgettin' myself—an' now that the ice is bruk, ma'am," he resumed, "you must be decent for the futher. Many a bottle, please goodness, we'll have this way yet. Your health, ma'am, an' a speedy recovery to you—an' a sudden uprise—not forgettin' the masther—long life to him!"

"What!" said the midwife, "are you forgettin' the stranger?"

Nogher looked her full in the face, and opening his mouth, without saying a word, literally pitched the glass of spirits to the very bottom of his throat.

"Beggin' your pardon, ma'am," he replied, "is it three healths you'd have me dhrink wid the one glassful?—not myself, indeed; faix, I'd be long sorry to make so little of him—if he was a bit of a *girsha* I'd not scruple to give him a corner o' the glass, but, bein' a young man, althurs the case intirely—he must have a bumper for himself."

"A *girsha*!" said Peggy, his fellow-servant, feeling the indignity just offered to her sex—"Why, thin, bad manners to your assurance for that same: a *girsha*'s as well intitled to a full glass as a gorseon, any day."

"Hush! a colleen," said Nogher good-humoredly; "sure, it's takin' pattrern by sich a fine example you ought to be. This, Mrs. Moan, is the purty creature I was mintonin' as we came along, that intinds to get spanshelled wid myself some o' these days—that is, if she can bring me into good-humor, the thief."

"And if it does happen," said Peggy, "you'll have to look sharp afther him, Mrs. Moan. He's pleasant enough now, but I'll be bound no man'll know betther how to hang his fiddle behind the door whin he comes home to us."

"Well, acushla, sure he may, if he likes, but if he does he knows what's afore him—not sayin' that he ever will, I hope, for it's a woful case whin it comes to that, ahagur."

"Faix, it's a happy story for half the poor wives of the parish that you're in it," said Peggy, "sure, only for"—

"Be dhe hush! *Vread, agus glak sho*—hould your tongue, Peggy, and taste this," said the mother of her mistress, handing her a glass: "If you intind to go together, in the name o' goodness fear God more than the midwife, if you want to have luck an' grace."

"Oh, is it all this?" exclaimed the sly girl; "faix, it'll make me *hearty* if I dhrink so much—bedeed it will. Well, misthress, your health, an' a speedy uprise to you—an' the same to the masther, not forgettin' the stranger—long life an' good health to him."

She then put the glass to her lips, and after several small sips, appearing to be so many unsuccessful attempts at overcoming her reluctance to drink it, she at length took courage, and bolting it

down, immediately applied her apron to her mouth, making at the same time two or three wry faces, gasping, as if to recover the breath which it did not take from her.

The midwife, in the mean time, felt that the advice just given to Nogher and Peggy contained a clause somewhat more detrimental to her importance than was altogether agreeable to her; and to sit calmly under any imputation that involved a diminution of her authority, was not within the code of her practice.

"If they go together," she observed, "it's right to fear God, no doubt; but that's no reason why they should n't pay respect to thim that can sarve thim or *otherwise*."

"Nobody says against that, Mrs. Moan," replied the other; "it's all fair, an' nothin' else."

"A midwife's nuttin' in your eyes, we suppose," rejoined Mrs. Moan; "but maybe there's a thim belongin' to you could tell to the contrary."

"Obliged to you, we suppose, for your services—an' we're not denyin' that either."

"For me services—maybe thim same services was n't very sweet or treaclesome to some o' thim," she rejoined, with a mysterious and somewhat indignant toss of the head.

"Well, well," said the other in a friendly tone, "that makes no maxims one way or the other, only dhrink this—sure we're not goin' to quarrel about it, any how."

"God forbid, Honora More! but sure it ud ill become me to hear my own corree—no, no, avourneen," she exclaimed, putting back the glass; "I can't take it this-a-way; it does n't agree wid me; you must put a grain o' shugar an' a drop o' bilin' wather to it. It may do very well *hard* for the sarvints, but I'm not used to it."

"I hird that myself afore," observed Nogher, "that she never dhrinks hard whiskey. Well, myself never tasted punch but wanst, an' be goxty it's great dhrink. Death alive, Honora More," he continued, in his most insinuating manner, "make us all a sup. Sure, blood alive, this is not a common night, afther what God has sint us; Fardorougha himself would allow you, if he was here; deed, be dad, he as good as promised me he would; an' you know we have the young customer's health to dhrink yet."

"Throth, an' you ought," said the midwife; "the boy says nuttin' but the thruth—it's not a common night; an' if God has given Fardorougha substance, he should n't begridge a little, if it was only to show a grateful heart."

"Well, well," said Honora More—which means great Honora, in opposition to her daughter, Fardorougha's wife; this being an epithet adopted for the purpose of contra-distinguishing the members of a family when called by the same name—"Well," said she, "I suppose it's as good. My own heart, dear knows, is not in a thrife, only I have my doubts about Fardorougha. However, what's done can't be undone; so, once we mix it, he'll be too late to spake if he comes in, any way."

The punch was accordingly mixed, and they were in the act of sitting down to enjoy themselves with more comfort when Fardorougha entered. As before, he was silent and disturbed, neither calm nor stern, but laboring, one would suppose, under strong feelings of a decidedly opposite character. On seeing the punch made, his brow gathered into something like severity; he looked quickly at his mother-in-law, and was about to speak, but,

pausing a moment, he sat down, and after a little time said in a kind voice—

"It's right, it's right—for *his* sake, an' on his account, have it; but, Honora, let there be no waste."

"Sure we had to make it for Mrs. Moan whether or not," said his mother-in-law—"she can't drink it hard, poor woman."

Mrs. Moan, who had gone to see her patient, having heard his voice again, made her appearance with the child in her arms, and with all the importance which such a burthen usually bestows upon persons of her calling.

"Here," said she, presenting him the infant, "take a proper look at this fellow. That I may never, if a finer swaddy ever cross'd my hands. Throth if you wor dead to-morrow he'd be mistaken for you—your born image—the sorra thing else—eh alanna—the Lord love my son—faix, you've daddy's nose upon you any how—an' his chin to a turn. Oh, thin, Fardorougha, but there's many a couple rowlin' in wealth that 'ud be proud to have the likes of him; an' that must die an' let it all go to strangers, or to them that does n't care about them, 'ceptin' to get grabbin' at what they have, an' that think every day a year that they're above the sod. What! manim-an—kiss your child, man alive. That I may never, but he looks at the darlin' as if it was a sod of turf. Throth you're not worthy of havin' such a bully."

Fardorougha, during this dialogue, held the child in his arms and looked upon it earnestly as before, but without betraying any visible indication of countenance that could enable a spectator to estimate the nature of what passed within him. At length there appeared in his eye a barely perceptible expression of benignity, which, however, soon passed away, and was replaced by a shadow of gloom and anxiety. Nevertheless, in compliance with the commands of the midwife, he kissed its lips, after which the servants all gathered round it, each lavishing upon the little urchin those hyperbolical expressions of flattery, which, after all, most parents are willing to receive as something approximating to gospel truth.

"Be dad," said Nogher, "that fellow 'ill be the flower o' the Donovans, if God spares him—be goxy, I'll engage he'll give the purty girls many a sore heart yet—he'll play the dickins wid 'em, or I'm not here—a wough! do you hear how the young rogue gives tongue at that? the sorra one o' the shaver but knows what I'm sayin'."

Nogher always had an eye to his own comfort, no matter under what circumstances he might be placed. Having received the full glass, he grasped his master's hand, and in the usual set phrases, to which, however, was added much *extempore* matter of his own, he drank the baby's health, congratulating the parents, in his own blunt way, upon this accession to their happiness. The other servants continued to pour out their praises in terms of delight and astonishment at his accomplishments and beauty, each, in imitation of Nogher, concluding with a toast in nearly the same words.

How sweet from all other lips is the praise of those we love! Fardorougha, who, a moment before, looked upon his infant's face with an unmoved countenance, felt incapable of withstanding the flattery of his own servants when uttered in favor of the child. His eye became complacent, and while Nogher held his hand, a slight pressure in return was proof sufficient that his heart beat in accordance with the hopes they expressed of all

that the undeveloped future might bestow upon him.

When their little treat was over the servants withdrew for the night, and Fardorougha himself, still laboring under an excitement so complicated and novel, retired rather to shape his mind to some definite tone of feeling than to seek repose.

How strange is life, and how mysteriously connected is the woe or the weal of a single family with the great mass of human society! We beg the reader to stand with us upon a low, sloping hill, a little to the left of Fardorougha's house, and, after having solemnized his heart by a glance at the starry gospel of the skies, to cast his eye upon the long, whitewashed dwelling, as it shines faintly in the visionary distance of a moonlight night. How full of tranquil beauty is the hour, and how deep the silence, except when it is broken by the loud baying of the watch-dog, as he barks in sullen fierceness at his own echo! Or perhaps there is nothing heard but the *sough* of the mountain river, as with booming sound it rises and falls in the distance, filling the ear of midnight with its wild and continuous melody. Look around, and observe the spirit of repose which sleeps on the face of nature; think upon the dream of human life, and of all the inexplicable wonders which are read from day to day in that miraculous page—the heart of man. Neither your eye nor imagination need pass beyond that humble roof before you, in which it is easy to perceive, by the lights passing at this unusual hour across the windows, that there is something added either to their joy or to their sorrow. There is the mother, in whose heart was accumulated the unwasted tenderness of years, forgetting all the past in the first intoxicating influence of an unknown ecstasy, and looking to the future with the eager aspirations of affection. There is the husband too, for whose heart the lank devil of the avaricious—the famine-struck god of the miser—is even now contending with the almost extinguished love which springs up in a father's bosom on the sight of his first-born.

Reader, who can tell whether the entrancing visions of the happy mother, or the gloomy anticipations of her apprehensive husband, are more prophetic of the destiny which is before their child? Many indeed and various are the hopes and fears felt under that roof, and deeply will their lights and shadows be blended in the life of the being whose claims are so strong upon their love. There; for some time past the lights in the window have appeared less frequently—one by one we presume the inmates have gone to repose—no other is now visible—the last candle is extinguished, and this humble section of the great family of man is now at rest with the veil of a dark and fearful future unlifted before them.

There is not perhaps in the series of human passions any one so difficult to be eradicated out of the bosom as avarice, no matter with what seeming moderation it puts itself forth, or under what disguise it may appear. And among all its cold-blooded characteristics there is none so utterly unaccountable as that frightful dread of famine and ultimate starvation, which is also strong in proportion to the impossibility of its ever being realized. Indeed, when it arrives to this we should not term it a passion, but a malady, and in our opinion the narrow-hearted patient should be prudently separated from society, and treated as one laboring under an incurable species of monomania.

During the few days that intervened between

our hero's birth and his christening, Fardorougha's mind was engaged in forming some fixed principle by which to guide his heart in the conflict that still went on between avarice and affection. In this task he imagined that the father predominated over the miser almost without a struggle; whereas, the fact was, that the subtle passion, ever more ingenious than the simple one, changed its external character, and came out in the shape of affectionate forecast and provident regard for the wants and prospects of his child. This gross deception of his own heart he felt as a relief; for, though smitten with the world, it did not escape him that the birth of his little one, all its circumstances considered, ought to have caused him to feel an enjoyment unalloyed by the care and regret which checked his sympathies as a parent. Neither was conscience itself altogether silent, nor the blunt remonstrances of his servants wholly without effect. Nay, so completely was his judgment overreached that he himself attributed this anomalous state of feeling to a virtuous effort of Christian duty, and looked upon the encroachments which a desire of saving wealth had made on his heart as a manifest proof of much parental attachment. He consequently loved his wealth through the medium of his son, and laid it down as a fixed principle that every act of parsimony on his part was merely one of prudence, and had the love of a father and an affectionate consideration for his child's future welfare to justify it.

The first striking instance of this close and gripping spirit appeared upon an occasion which seldom fails to open, in Ireland at least, all the warm and generous impulses of our nature. When his wife deemed it necessary to make those hospitable preparations for their child's christening, which are so usual in the country, he treated her intention of complying with this old custom as a direct proof of unjustifiable folly and extravagance—nay, his remonstrance with her exhibited such remarkable good sense and prudence, that it was a matter of extreme difficulty to controvert it, or to perceive that it originated from any other motive than a strong interest in the true welfare of their child.

"Will our wasting meat and money, an' for that matthur health and time, on his christenin', aither give him more health or make us love him better? It's not the first time, Honora, that I've heard yourself make little of some of our nabours for goin' beyant their ability in gettin' up big christenins. Don't be foolish now thin when it comes to your own turn."

The wife took the babe up, and, after having gazed affectionately on its innocent features, replied to him, in a voice of tenderness and reproof—

"God knows, Fardorougha, an' if I do act wid folly, as you call it, in gettin' ready his christenin', surely, surely you ought n't to blame the mother for that. Little I thought, acushla oge, that your own father 'ud begrudge you as good a christenin' as is put over any other nabour's child. I'm afraid, Fardorougha, he's not as much in your heart as he ought to be."

"It's a bad proof of love for him, Honora, to put to the bad what may an' would be sarviceable to him hereafter. You only think for the present; but I can't forget that he's to be settled in the world, an' you know yourself what poor means we have of doin' that, an' that if we begin to be extravagant an' wasteful, becase God has sent him, we may beg wid him afore long."

"There's no danger of us beggin' wid him. No," she continued, the pride of the mother having been touched, "my boy will never beg—no, avourneen—you never will—nor shame or disgrace will never come upon him aither. Have you no trust in God, Fardorougha?"

"God never helps them that neglect themselves, Honora."

"But if it was plasing to his will to remove him from us, would you ever forgive yourself not lettin' him have a christenin' like another child?" rejoined the persevering mother.

"The priest," replied the good man, "will do as much for the poor child as the rich; there's but one sacrament for both; anything else is waste, as I said, an' I wont give in to it. You dont consider that your way of it 'ud spend as much in one day as 'ud clothe him two or three years."

"May I never sin this day, Fardorougha, but one 'ud think you're tired of him already. By not givin' in to what's daacent you know you'll only fret me—a thing that no man wid half a heart 'ud do to any woman supportin' a babby as I am. A fretted nurse makes a child sick, as Molly Moan tould you before she went; so that it's not on my own account I'm spakin', but on his—poor, weeny pet—the Lord love him! Look at his innocent purty little face, an' how can you have the heart, Fardorougha? Come, avourneen, give way to me this wast; throth, if you do, you'll see how I'll nurse him, an' what a darlin' lump o' sugar I'll have him for you in no time!"

He paused a little at this delicate and affecting appeal of the mother; but, except by a quick glance that passed from her to their child, it was impossible to say whether or not it made any impression on his heart, or in the slightest degree changed his resolution.

"Well, well," said he, "let me alone now. I'll think of it. I'll turn it over an' see what's best to be done; do you the same, Honora, an' may be your own sense will bring you to my side of the question at last."

The next day, his wife renewed the subject with unabated anxiety; but, instead of expressing any change in her favor, Fardorougha declined even to enter into it at all. An evasive reply was all she could extort from him, with an assurance that he would in a day or two communicate the resolution to which he had finally come. She perceived, at once, that the case was hopeless, and, after one last ineffectual attempt to bring him round, she felt herself forced to abandon it. The child, therefore, much to the mother's mortification, was baptized without a christening, unless the mere presence of the godfather and godmother, in addition to Fardorougha's own family, could be said to constitute one.

Our readers, perhaps, are not aware that a cause of deep anxiety, hitherto unnoticed by us, operated with latent power upon Fardorougha's heart. But so strong in Ireland is the beautiful superstition—if it can with truth be termed so—that children are a blessing only when received as such, that, even though supported by the hardest and most shameless of all vices, avarice, Fardorougha had not nerve to avow this most unnatural source of his distress. The fact, however, was, that, to a mind so constituted, the apprehension of a large family was in itself a consideration, which he thought might, at a future period of their lives, reduce both him and his to starvation and death.

Our readers may remember Nogher M'Cormick's rebuke to him, when he heard Fardorougha allude to this; and so accessible was he *then* to the feeling, that, on finding his heart at variance with it, he absolutely admitted his error, and prayed to God that he might be enabled to overcome it.

It was, therefore, on the day after the baptism of young Connor, for so had the child been called after his paternal grandfather, that, as a justification for his own conduct in the matter of the christening, he disclosed to his wife, with much reluctance and embarrassment, this undivulged source of his fears for the future, alleging it as a just argument for his declining to be guided by her opinion.

The indignant sympathies of the mother abashed, on this occasion, the miserable and calculating impiety of the husband; her reproaches were open and unshrinking, and her moral sense of his conduct just and beautiful.

"Fardorougha," said she, "I thought, up to this time, to this day, that there was nothing in your heart but too much of the world; but now I'm afeard, if God hasn't sed it, that the devil himself's there. You're frettin' for 'fraid of a family; but has God sent us any but this one yit? No—an' I would n't be surprised, if the Almighty should punish your guilty heart, by making the child he gave you, a curse, instead of a blessin'. I think, as it is, he has brought little pleasure to you for so far, and, if your heart hardens as he grows up, it's more unhappy you'll get every day you live."

"That's very fine talk, Honora; but to people in our condition, I can't see any very great blessin' in a houseful of childre. If we're able to provide for this one, we'll have rason to be thankful widout wishin' for more."

"It's my opinion, Fardorougha, you don't love the child."

"Change that opinion then, Honora; I do love the child; but there's no needecassity for blowin' it about to every one I meet. If I did n't love him, I would n't feel as I do about all the hardships that may be before him. Think of what a bad sason, or a failure of the crops, might bring us all to. God grant that we may n't come to the bag and staff before he's settled in the world at all, poor thing."

"Oh, very well, Fardorougha; you may make yourself as unhappy as you like; for me, I'll put my trust in the Saviour of the world for my child. If you can trust in any one better than God, do so."

"Honora, there's no use in this talk—it'll do nothing aither for him or us—besides, I have no more time to discourse about it."

He then left her; but, as she viewed his dark, inflexible features ere he went, an oppressive sense of something not far removed from affliction weighed her down. The child had been asleep in her arms during the foregoing dialogue, and, after his father had departed, she placed him in the cradle, and, throwing the corner of her blue apron over her shoulder, she rocked him into a sounder sleep, swaying herself at the same time to and fro, with that inward sorrow, of which, among the lower classes of Irish females, this motion is uniformly expressive.

It is not to be supposed, however, that, as the early graces of childhood gradually expanded (as they did) into more than ordinary beauty, the avarice of the father was not occasionally encountered in its progress by sudden gushes of love for his son. It was impossible for any parent, no matter how strongly the hideous idol of mammon

might sway his heart, to look upon a creature so fair and beautiful, without being frequently touched into something like affection. The fact was, that, as the child advanced towards youth, the two principles we are describing nearly kept pace one with the other. That the bad and formidable passion made rapid strides, must be admitted, but that it engrossed the whole spirit of the father, is not true. The mild and gentle character of the boy—his affectionate disposition, and the extraordinary advantages of his person—could not fail sometimes to surprise his father into sudden bursts of affection. But these, when they occurred, were looked upon by Fardorougha as so many proofs that he still entertained for the boy love sufficient to justify a more intense desire of accumulating wealth for his sake. Indeed, ere the lad had numbered thirteen summers, Fardorougha's character as a miser had not only gone far abroad through the neighborhood, but was felt, by the members of his own family, with almost merciless severity. From habits of honesty, and a decent sense of independence, he was now degraded to rapacity and meanness; what had been prudence, by degrees degenerated into cunning; and he who, when commencing life, was looked upon only as a saving man, had now become notorious for extortion and usury.

A character such as this, among a people of generous and lively feeling like the Irish, is in every state of life the object of intense and undisguised abhorrence. It was with difficulty he could succeed in engaging servants, either for domestic or agricultural purposes, and, perhaps, no consideration, except the general kindness which was felt for his wife and son, would have induced any person whatsoever to enter into his employment. Honora and Connor did what in them lay to make the dependents of the family experience as little of Fardorougha's gripping tyranny as possible. Yet, with all their kind-hearted ingenuity and secret bounty, they were scarcely able to render their situation barely tolerable.

It would be difficult to find any language, no matter what pen might wield it, capable of portraying the love which Honora O'Donovan bore to her gentle, her beautiful, and her *only* son. Ah! there, in that last epithet, lay the charm which wrapped her soul in him, and in all that related to his welfare. The moment she saw that it was not the will of God to bless them with other offspring, her heart gathered about him with a jealous tenderness which trembled into agony at the idea of his loss.

Her love for him, *then*, multiplied itself into many hues, for he was in truth the prism, on which, when it fell, all the varied beauty of its colors became visible. Her heart gave not forth the music of a single instrument, but breathed the concord of sweet sounds, as heard from the blended melody of many. Fearfully different from this were the feelings of Fardorougha, on finding that he was to be the first and the last vouchsafed to their union. A single regret, however, scarcely felt, touched even him, when he reflected that if Connor were to be removed from them, their hearth must become desolate. But then came the fictitious conscience, with its nefarious calculations, to prove that, in their present circumstances, the dispensation which withheld others was a blessing to him that was given. Even Connor himself, argued the miser, will be the gainer by it, for what would my five loaves and three fishes be among so many?

The pleasure, however, that is derived from the violation of natural affection is never either full or satisfactory. The gratification felt by Fardorougha, upon reflecting that no further addition was to be made to their family, resembled that which a hungry man feels who dreams he is partaking of a luxurious banquet. Avarice, it is true, like fancy, was gratified, but the enjoyment, though rich to that particular passion, left behind it a sense of unconscious remorse, which gnawed his heart with a slow and heavy pain, that operated like a smothered fire, wasting what it preys upon, in secrecy and darkness. In plainer terms, he was not happy, but so absorbed in the ruling passion—the pursuit of wealth—that he felt afraid to analyze his anxiety, or trace to its true source the cause of his own misery.

In the mean time, his boy grew up the pride and ornament of the parish, idolized by his mother, and beloved by all that knew him. Limited and scanty was the education which his father could be prevailed upon to bestow upon him; but there was nothing that could deprive him of his natural good sense, nor of the affections which his mother's love had drawn out and cultivated. One thing was remarkable in him, which we mention with reluctance, as it places his father's character in a frightful point of view; it is this, that his love for that father was such as is rarely witnessed, even in the purest and most affectionate circles of domestic life. But let not our readers infer, either from what we have written, or from anything we may write, that Fardorougha hated this lovely and delightful boy; on the contrary, earth contained not an object, except his money, which he loved so well. His affection for him, however, was only such as could proceed from the dregs of a defiled and perverted heart. This is not saying much, but it is saying all. What in him was parental attachment, would in another man, to such a son, be unfeeling and detestable indifference. His heart sank on contemplating the pittance he allowed for Connor's education; and no remonstrance could prevail on him to clothe the boy with common decency. Pocket-money was out of the question, as were all those considerate indulgences to youth, that blunt, when timely afforded, the edge of early anxiety to know those amusements of life, which, if not innocently gratified before passion gets strong, are apt to produce, at a later period, that giddy intoxication, which has been the destruction of thousands. When Connor, however, grew up, and began to think for himself, he could not help feeling that, from a man so absolutely devoted to wealth as his father was, to receive even the slenderest proof of affection, was in this case no common manifestation of the attachment he bore him. There was still a higher and nobler motive. He could not close his ears to the character which had gone abroad of his father, and from that principle of generosity, which induces a man, even when ignorant of the quarrel, to take the weaker side, he fought his battles, until, in the end, he began to believe them just. But the most obvious cause of the son's attachment we have not mentioned, and it is useless to travel into vain disquisitions, for that truth which may be found in the instinctive impulses of nature. He was Connor's father, and though penurious in everything that regarded even his son's common comfort, he had never uttered a harsh word to him during his life, or denied him any gratification which could be had without money. Nay, a kind word, or a kind glance, from

Fardorougha, fired the son's resentment against the world which traduced him; for how could it be otherwise, when the habitual defence made by him, when arraigned for his penury, was an anxiety to provide for the future welfare and independence of his son?

Many characters in life appear difficult to be understood, but if those who wish to analyze them only consulted human nature, instead of rushing into far-fetched theories, and traced with patience the effect which interest, or habit, or inclination is apt to produce on men of a peculiar temperament, when placed in certain situations, there would be much less difficulty in avoiding those preposterous exhibitions which run into caricature, or outrage the wildest combinations that can be formed from the common elements of humanity.

Having said thus much, we will beg our readers to suppose that young Connor is now twenty-two years of age, and request them, besides, to prepare for the gloom which is about to overshadow our story.

We have already stated that Fardorougha was not only an extortioner but a usurer. Now, as some of our readers may be surprised that a man in his station of life could practise usury or even extortion to any considerable extent, we feel it necessary to inform them that there exists among Irish farmers a class of men who stand, with respect to the surrounding poor and improvident, in a position precisely analogous to that which is occupied by a Jew or money-lender among those in the higher classes who borrow, and are extravagant upon a larger scale. If, for instance, a struggling small farmer have to do with a needy landlord or an unfeeling agent, who threatens to seize or eject if the rent be not paid to the day, perhaps this small farmer is forced to borrow from one of those rustic Jews the full amount of the gale; for this he gives him, at a valuation dictated by the lender's avarice and his own distress, the oats, or potatoes, or hay, which he is not able to dispose of in sufficient time to meet the demand that is upon him. This property, the miser draws home, and stacks or houses it until the markets are high, when he disposes of it at a price which often secures for him a profit amounting to one-third, and occasionally one-half, above the sum lent, upon which, in the mean time, interest is accumulating. For instance, if the accommodation be twenty pounds, property to that amount at a ruinous valuation is brought home by the accommodator. This perhaps sells for thirty, thirty-five, or forty pounds, so that, deducting the labor of preparing it for market, there is a gain of fifty, seventy-five, or a hundred per cent., besides, probably, ten per cent. interest, which is altogether distinct from the former. This class of persons will also take a joint bond, or joint promissory note, or, in fact, any collateral security they know to be valid, and if the contract be not fulfilled, they immediately pounce upon the guarantee. They will, in fact, as a mark of their anxiety to assist a neighbor in distress, receive a pig from a widow, or a cow from a struggling small farmer, at thirty or forty per cent. beneath its value, and claim the merit of being a friend into the bargain. Such men are bitter enemies to paper money, especially to notes issued by private bankers, which they never take in payment. It is amusing, if a person could forget the distress which occasions the scene, to observe one of these men producing an old stocking, or a long black leathern purse—or a calf-skin pocket-book with

the hair on, and counting down, as if he gave out his heart's blood drop by drop, the specific sum, uttering, at the same time, a most lugubrious history of his own poverty, and assuring the poor wretch he is fleeing, that if he (the miser) gives way to his good-nature, he must ultimately become the victim of his own benevolence. In no case, however, do they ever put more in the purse or stocking than is just then wanted, and sometimes they will be short a guinea or ten shillings, which they borrow from a neighbor, or remit to the unfortunate dupe in the course of the day. This they do in order to enhance the obligation, and give a distinct proof of their poverty. Let not, therefore, the gentlemen of the Minorities, nor our P—s and our M—s nearer home, imagine for a moment that they engross the spirit of rapacity and extortion to themselves. To the credit of the class, however, to which they belong, such persons are not so numerous as formerly, and to the still greater honor of the peasantry be it said, the devil himself is not hated with half the detestation which is borne them. In order that the reader may understand our motive for introducing such a description as that we have now given, it will be necessary for us to request him to accompany a stout, well-set young man, named Bartle Flanagan, along a green ditch, which, planted with osiers, leads to a small meadow belonging to Fardorougha Donovan. In this meadow, his son Connor is now making hay, and on seeing Flanagan approach, he rests upon the top of his rake, and exclaims in a soliloquy:—

"God help you and yours, Bartle! If it was in my power, I take God to witness, I'd make up a willin' heart for all the hardship and misfortune my father brought upon you all."

He then resumed his labor, in order that the meeting between him and Bartle might take place with less embarrassment, for he saw at once that the former was about to speak to him.

"Isn't the weather too hot, Connor, to work bareheaded! I think you ought to keep on your hat."

"Bartle, how are you?—off or on, it's the same thing; hat or no hat, it's broilin' weather, the Lord be praised! What news, Bartle?"

"Not much, Connor, but what you know—a family that was strugglin', but honest, brought to dissolution. We're broken up; my father and mother's both livin' in a cabin they tuck from Billy Nuthy; Mary and Alick's gone to servise, and myself's just on my way to hire wid the last man I ought to go to—your father, that is, supposin' we can agree."

"As heaven's above me, Bartle, there's not a man in the county this day sorrier for what has happened than myself! But the truth is, that when my father heard of Tom Grehan, that was your security, havin' gone to America, he thought every day a month till the note was due. My mother an' I did all we could, but you know his temper; 't was no use. God knows, as I said before, I'm heart sorry for it."

"Every one knows, Connor, that if your mother an' you had your way an' will, your father would n't be sich a screw as he is."

"In the mean time, don't forget that he is my father, Bartle, an' above all things, remember that I'll allow no man to speak disparaginly of him in my presence."

"I believe you'll allow, Connor, that he was a

scourge an' a curse to us, an' that none of us ought to like a bone in his skin."

"It could n't be expected you would, Bartle; but you must grant, after all, that he was only recoverin' his own. Still, when you know what my feeling is upon the business, I don't think it's generous in you to bring it up between us."

"I could bear his harrishin' us out of house an' home," proceeded the other, "only for one thought that still crasses in an me."

"What is that, Bartle!—God knows I can't help feelin' for you," he added, smote with the desolation which his father had brought upon the family.

"He lent us forty pounds," proceeded the young man; "and when he found that Tom Grehan, our security, went to America, he came down upon us the minute the note was due, canted all we had at half price, and turned us to starve upon the world; now, I could bear that, but there's one thing—"

"That's twice you spoke about that one thing," said Connor, somewhat sharply, for he felt hurt at the obstinacy of the other, in continuing a subject so distressing to him; "but," he continued, in a milder tone, "tell me, Bartle, for goodness' sake, what it is, an' let us put an end to the discourse. I'm sure it must be unpleasant to both of us."

"It does n't signify," replied the young man, in a desponding voice—"she's gone; it's all over wid me there; I'm a beggar—I'm a beggar!"

"Bartle," said Connor, taking his hand, "you're too much down-hearted; come to us, but first go to my father; I know you'll find it hard to deal with him. Never mind that; whatever he offers you, close wid him, an' take my word for it that my mother and I between us will make you up decent wages; an' sorry I am that it's come to this wid you, poor fellow!"

Bartle's cheek grew pale as ashes; he wrung Connor's hand with all his force, and fixed an unshrinking eye on him as he replied—

"Thank you, Connor, now—but I hope I'll live to thank you better yet, and if I do, you need n't thank me for any return I may make you or yours. I will close wid your father, an' take whatsoever he'll order me; for, Connor," and he wrung his hand again—"Connor O'Donovan, I have n't a house or home this day, nor a place under God's canopy where to lay my head, except upon the damp floor of my father's naked cabin. Think of that, Connor, an' think if I can forget it; still," he added, "you'll see, Connor—Connor, you'll see how I'll forgive it."

"It's a credit to yourself to spake as you do," replied Connor; "call this way, an' let me know what's done, an' I hope, Bartle, you an' I will have some pleasant days together."

"Ay, an' pleasant nights too, I hope," replied the other: "to be sure I'll call; but if you take my advice, you'd tie a handkerchief about your head: it's mad hot, an' enough to give one a faver bareheaded."

Having made this last observation, he leaped across a small drain that bounded the meadow, and proceeded up the fields to Fardorougha's house.

Bartle Flanagan was a young man, about five feet six in height, but of a remarkably compact and athletic form. His complexion was dark, but his countenance open, and his features well set and regular. Indeed, his whole appearance might be termed bland and prepossessing. If he ever ap-

peared to disadvantage it was whilst under the influence of resentment, during which his face became pale as death, nay, almost livid; and, as his brows were strong and black, the contrast between them and his complexion changed the whole expression of his countenance into that of a person whose enmity a prudent man would avoid. He was not quarrelsome, however, nor subject to any impetuous bursts of passion;—his resentments, if he retained any, were either dead or silent, or, at all events, so well regulated that his acquaintances looked upon him as a young fellow of a good-humored and friendly disposition. It is true, a hint had gone abroad that on one or two occasions he was found deficient in courage; but, as the circumstances referred to were rather unimportant, his conduct by many was attributed rather to good sense and a disinclination to quarrel on frivolous grounds, than to positive cowardice. Such he was, and such he is, now that he has entered upon the humble drama of our story.

On arriving at Fardorougha's house, he found that worthy man at dinner, upon a cold bone of bacon and potatoes. He had only a few minutes before returned from the residence of the County Treasurer, with whom he went to lodge, among other sums, that which was so iniquitously wrung from the ruin of the Flanagans. It would be wrong to say that he felt in any degree embarrassed on looking into the face of one whom he had so oppressively injured. The recovery of his usurious debts, no matter how merciless the process, he considered only as an act of strict justice to himself, for his conscience having long ago outgrown the perception of his own inhumanity, now only felt compunction when death or the occasional insolvency of a security defeated his rapacity.

When Bartle entered, Fardorougha and he surveyed each other with perfect coolness for nearly half a minute, during which time neither uttered a word. The silence was first broken by Honora, who put forward a chair, and asked Flanagan to sit down.

"Sit down, Bartle," said she, "sit down, boy; an' how is all the family?"

"Deed, can't complain," replied Bartle, "as time goes; an' how are you, Fardorougha? although I need n't ax—you're takin' care of number one, any how."

"I'm middlin', Bartle, middlin'; as well as a man can be that has his heart broke every day in the year strivin' to come by his own, an' can't do it; but I'm a fool, an' ever was—starvin' others an' ruinin' myself."

"Bartle," said Mrs. Donovan, "are you unwell, dear! you look as pale as death. Let me get you a drink of fresh milk."

"If he's weak," said Fardorougha, "an' he looks weak, a drink of fresh wather 'ud be better for him; ever an' always a drink of wather for a weak man, or a weak woman aither; it recovers them sooner."

"Thank you, kindly, Mrs. Donovan, an' I'm obliged to you, Fardorougha, for the wather; but I'm not a bit weak; it's only the heat o' the day ails me—for sure enough it's broilin' weather."

"Deed it is," replied Honora, "killin' weather to them that has to be out under it."

"If it's good for nothin' else, it's good for the hay-makin'," observed Fardorougha.

"I'm tould, Misther Donovan," said Bartle, "that you want a sarvint man; now, if you do, I

want a place, an' you see I'm comin' to you to look for one."

"Heaven above, Bartle!" exclaimed Honora, "what do you mane! Is it one of Dan Flanagan's sons goin' to sarvice?"

"Not one, but all o' them," replied the other, coolly, "an' his daughters, too, Mrs. Donovan; but it's all the way o' the world. If Misther Donovan 'll hire me I 'll thank him."

"Don't be *Misther* me, Bartle; Misther them that has manes an' substance," returned Donovan.

"Oh, God forgive you, Fardorougha!" exclaimed his honest and humane wife, "God forgive you! Bartle, from my heart, from the core o' my heart, I pity you, my poor boy. An' is it to this Fardorougha you've brought them!—Oh Saviour o' the world!"

She fixed her eyes upon the victim of her husband's extortion, and in an instant they were filled with tears.

"What did I do," said the latter, "but strive to recover my own? How could I afford to lose forty pounds? An' I was tould for sartin that your father knew Grehan was goin' to Ameriky when he got him to go security. Whisht, Honora, you're as foolish a woman as riz this day; have n't you your sins to cry for?"

"God knows I have, Fardorougha, an' more than my own to cry for."

"I dar say you did hear as much," said Bartle, quietly replying to the observation of Fardorougha respecting his father; "but you know it's a folly to talk about spilt milk. If you want a sarvint I 'll hire; for, as I said a while ago, I want a place, an' except wid you I don't know where to get one."

"If you come to me," observed the other, "you must go to your duty, an' observe the fast days, but not the holidays."

"Sarvints is n't obliged to observe them," replied Bartle.

"But I always put it in the bargain," returned the other.

"As to that," said Bartle, "I don't much mind it. Sure it 'll be for the good o' my sowl, any way. But what wages will you be givin'?"

"Thirty shillings every half year;—that's three pounds—sixty shillings a-year. A great deal o' money.—I'm sure I dunna where it's to come from."

"It's very little for a year's hard labor," replied Bartle; "but little as it is, Fardorougha, owin' to what has happened betwixt us, believe me, I'm right glad to take it."

"Well, but Bartle, you know there's fifteen shillins of the ould account still due, and you must allow it out o' your wages; if you don't, it's no bargain."

Bartle's face became livid; but he was perfectly cool;—indeed, so much so that he smiled at this last condition of Fardorougha. It was a smile, however, at once so ghastly, dark, and frightful, that, by any person capable of tracing the secret workings of some deadly passion on the countenance, its purport could not have been mistaken.

"God knows, Fardorougha, you might let *that* pass—consider that you've been hard enough upon us."

"God knows I say the same," observed Honora. "Is it the last drop o' the heart's blood you want to squeeze out, Fardorougha?"

"The last drop! What is it but my right! Am I robbin' him! Is n't it due! Will he, or can he deny that? An' if it's due is n't it but honest in him to pay it! They're not livin' can say I ever defrauded them of a penny. I never broke a bargain; an' yet you open on me, Honora, as if I was a rogue! If I had n't that boy below to provide for, an' settle in the world, what 'ud I care about money! It's for his sake I look after my right."

"I'll allow the money," said Bartle. "Fardorougha's right; it's due, an' I'll pay him—ay will I, Fardorougha, settle wid you to the last farden, or beyant it if you like."

"I would n't take a farden beyant it, in the shape of debt. Them that's decent enough to make a present, may—for that's a horse of another color."

"When will I come home?" inquired Bartle.

"You may stay at home now that you're here," said the other. "An' in the mane time, go an' help Connor to put that hay in lap-cocks. Anything you want to bring here you can bring after your day's work to-night."

"Did you ate your dinner, Bartle?" said Honora; "bekase if you did n't I'll get you something."

"It's not to this time o' day he'd be without his dinner, I suppose," observed his new master.

"You're very right, Fardorougha," rejoined Bartle; "I'm thankful to you, ma'am, I did ate my dinner."

"Well, you'll get a rake in the barn, Bartle," said his master; "an' now tramp down to Connor, an' I'll see how you'll handle yourselves, both o' you, from this till night."

Bartle accordingly proceeded towards the meadow, and Fardorougha, as was his custom, throwing his great coat loosely about his shoulders, the arms dangling on each side of him, proceeded to another part of his farm.

Flanagan's step, on his way to join Connor, was slow and meditative. The kindness of the son and mother touched him; for the line between their disposition and Fardorougha's was too strong and clear to allow the slightest suspicion of their participation in the spirit which regulated his life. The father, however, had just declared that his anxiety to accumulate money arose from a wish to settle his son independently in life; and Flanagan was too slightly acquainted with human character to see through this flimsy apology for extortion. He took it for granted that Fardorougha spoke truth, and his resolution received a bias from the impression, which, however, his better nature determined to subdue. In this uncertain state of mind he turned about almost instinctively, to look in the direction which Fardorougha had taken, and as he observed his diminutive figure creeping along with his great coat about him, he felt that the very sight of the man who had broken up their hearth and scattered them on the world, filled his heart with a deep and deadly animosity that occasioned him to pause as a person would do who finds himself unexpectedly upon the brink of a precipice.

Connor, on seeing him enter the meadow with the rake, knew at once that the terms had been concluded between them; and the excellent young man's heart was deeply moved at the destitution which forced Flanagan to seek for service with the very individual who had occasioned it.

"I see, Bartle," said he, "you have agreed."

"We have," replied Bartle. "But if there had been any other place to be got in the parish—(an' indeed only for the state I'm in)—I would n't have hired myself to him for nothing, or next to nothing, as I have done."

"Why, what did he promise?"

"Three pounds a year, an' out o' that I'm to pay him fifteen shillins that my father owes him still."

"Close enough, Bartle, but don't be cast down; I'll undertake that my mother an' I will double it—an' as for the fifteen shillins I'll pay them out o' my own pocket—when I get money. I need n't tell you that we're all kept upon the tight crib, and that little cash goes far with us; for all that, we'll do what I promise, go as it may."

"It's more than I ought to expect, Connor; but yourself and your mother, all the country would put their hands under both your feets."

"I would give a great dale, Bartle, that my poor father had a little of the feelin' that's in my mother's heart; but it's his way, Bartle, an' you know he's my father, an' has been kinder to me than to any livin' creature on this earth. I never got a harsh word from him yet. An' if he kept me stinted in many things that I was entitled to as well as other persons like me, still, Bartle, he loves me, an' I can't but feel great affection for him, love the money as he may."

This was spoken with much seriousness of manner, not unmingled with somewhat of regret, if not of sorrow. Bartle fixed his eye upon the fine face of his companion, with a look in which there was a character of compassion. His countenance, however, while he gazed on him, maintained its natural color—it was not pale.

"I am sorry, Connor," said he slowly, "I am sorry that I hired wid your father."

"An' I'm glad of it," replied the other; "why should you be sorry?"

Bartle made no answer for some time, but looked into the ground, as if he had not heard him.

"Why should you be sorry, Bartle?"

Nearly a minute elapsed before his abstraction was broken. "What's that?" said he at length;

"What were you asking me?"

"You said you were sorry?"

"Oh, ay!" returned the other, interrupting him; "but I didn't mind what I was sayin': 't was thinkin' o' somethin' else I was—of home, Bartle, an' what we're brought to; but the best way's to dhrop all discourse about that forever."

"You'll be my friend if you do," said Connor.

"I will, then," replied Bartle; "we'll change it. Connor, were you ever in love?"

O'Donovan turned quickly about, and, with a keen glance at Bartle, replied,

"Why, I don't know; I believe I might, once or so."

"I am," said Flanagan, bitterly; "I am, Connor."

"An' who's the happy crature, will you tell us?"

"No," returned the other; "but if there's a wish that I'd make against my worst enemy, 't would be, that he might love a girl above his manes; or if he was her aquil, or even near her aquil, that he might be brought"—he paused, but immediately proceeded, "Well, no matter; I am indeed, Connor."

"An' is the girl fond o' you?"

"I don't know; my mind was made up to tell her; but it's past that now; I know she's wealthy and proud both, and so is all her family."

"How do you know she's proud when you never put the subject to her?"

"I'm not sayin' she's proud, in one sinse; wid respect to herself, I believe, she's humble enough; I mane, she does n't give herself many airs, but her people's as proud as the very sarra, an' never match below them; still, if I'd opportunities of bein' often in her company, I'd not fear to trust to a sweet tongue for comin' round her."

"Never despair, Bartle," said Connor; "you know the ould proverb, 'a faint heart;' however, settin' the purty crature aside, whoever she is, I think if we divided ourselves—you to that side, an' me to this—we'd get this hay lapped in half the time; or do you take which side you please."

"It's a bargain," said Bartle; "I don't care a trawnee: I'll stay where I am, thin, an' do you go beyant; let us hurry, too, for, if I'm not mistaken, it's too sultry to be long without rain, the sky, too, is gettin' dark."

"I observed as much myself," said Connor; "an' that was what made me spake."

Both then continued their labor with redoubled energy, nor ceased for a moment until the task was executed, and the business of the day concluded.

Flanagan's observation was indeed correct, as to the change in the day and the appearance of the sky. From the hour of five o'clock the darkness gradually deepened, until a dead black shadow, fearfully still and solemn, wrapped the whole horizon. The sun had altogether disappeared, and nothing was visible in the sky but one unbroken mass of darkness, unrelieved even by a single pile of clouds. The animals, where they could, had betaken themselves to shelter; the fowls of the air sought the covert of the hedges, and ceased their songs; the larks fled from the mid heaven; and occasionally might be seen a straggling bee hurrying homewards, careless of the flowers which tempted him in his path, and only anxious to reach his hive before the deluge should overtake him. The stillness indeed was awful, as was the gloomy veil which darkened the face of nature, and filled the mind with that ominous terror which presses upon the heart like a consciousness of guilt. In such a time, and under the aspect of a sky so much resembling the pall of death, there is neither mirth nor laughter, but that individuality of apprehension, which, whilst it throws the conscience in upon its own records, and suspends conversation,

yet draws man to his fellows, as if mere contiguity were a safeguard against danger.

The conversation between the two young men, as they returned from their labor, was short but expressive.

"Bartle," said Connor, "are you afeard of thunder! The reason I ax," he added, "is, because your face is as white as a sheet."

"I have it from my mother," replied Flanagan; "but at all evints such an evenin' as this is enough to make the heart of any man quake."

"I feel my spirits low, by rason of the darkness, but I'm not afraid. It's well for them that have a clear conscience; they say that a stormy sky is the face of an angry God."

"An' the thunder his voice," added Bartle; "but why are the brute bastes an' the birds afraid, that commit no sin?"

"That's thrue," said his companion; "it must be natural to be afraid, or why would they indeed!—But some people are naturally more timersome than others."

"I intinded to go home for my other clo'es an' linen this evenin'," observed Bartle, "but I won't go out to-night."

"I must thin," said Connor; "an', with the blessin' o' God, will too; come what may."

"Why, what is there to bring you out, if it's a fair question to ax?" inquired the other.

"A promise, for one thing; an' my own inclination—my own heart—that's nearer the thruth—for another. It's the first meetin' that I an' her I'm goin' to ever had."

"Thighum, Thighum, I understand," said Flanagan; "well, I'll stay at home; but, sure it's no harm to wish you success—an' that, Connor, is more than I'll ever have where I wish for it most."

This closed their dialogue, and both entered Fardorougha's house in silence.

Up until twilight, the darkness of the dull and heavy sky was unbroken; but towards the west there was seen a streak whose color could not be determined as that of blood or fire. By its angry look, it seemed as if the sky in that quarter were about to burst forth in one awful sweep of conflagration. Connor observed it, and very correctly anticipated the nature and consequences of its appearance; but what will not youthful love dare and overcome! With an undismayed heart he set forward on his journey, which we leave him to pursue, and beg permission, meanwhile, to transport the reader to a scene distant about two miles farther towards the inland part of the country.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE SONG OF OTHER YEARS.

I.

On, lady, touch that chord again,
And sing again that simple lay
It was an old, familiar strain,
Of long ago and far away:
I heard it in the Highland North,
The land of songs that summon tears,
And still it calls old feelings forth—
I love the songs of other years.

II.

They're like the mother's holy hymn,
Whose blessed tones can ne'er depart,

Though ears be deaf and eyes be dim,
And worldly ways have seared the heart;
They're like the first sweet smile of love,
That still the gray-haired beauty wears;
So changelessly our hearts they move—
The pleasant songs of other years.

III.

The mirth of old may make us sad,
But may it never make us grieve;
The day most gloriously glad
Is closed, in tears, by dewy eve.
But still the eve is sweet as day,
And grander still its name appears,
And joys that long have passed away
Come back in song from other years.

SUGAR.

LATE advices received at Liverpool communicate a discovery at Porto Rico in the chemistry of sugar-making, that may revolutionize the manufacture. Don Juan Ramos, a native of Porto Rico, is the discoverer; and this much of the "secret" is divulged; "that the agent is a certain ingredient, probably some vegetable extract," which cleanses the saccharine liquor to a degree far beyond that at which the tempered lime hitherto used ceases to operate, while the result is an immensely increased produce of sugar, of a quality very superior to that produced under the present mode; and the greatest merits of all in the discovery are, "that it requires no change of the existing apparatus and involves no additional outlay," and it is "so simple as to be easily acquired." Many experiments have been publicly made; and the following results are given as those of an experiment performed on the estate of Perseverance, a well-managed property belonging to the Messrs. Prats and Co., of Ponce.

On this estate 79 coppers of liquor were ground, and the exact number of gallons of cane-juice were ascertained; which produced, under what I must now call the old system—

274 hhds. sugar, weighing net 30,258 lbs. valued at \$3½ per 100 lbs.	\$869 91
15 puns. molasses, containing 2080 gallons, valued at 10 cents per gallon,	208 0
Total,	\$1,077 91

Under precisely the same circumstances, from the same cane-pieces, and with exactly the same quantity of cane-juice, Mr. Ramos produced, with less trouble, time, and expense, the following result—

34 hhds. sugar, net weight 33,192 lbs., valued at \$3½ per 100 lbs.	\$1,203 21
4 hhds. more made from the molasses, weighing net 4545 lbs., valued at \$3½ per 100 lbs.	142 03
16 puns. molasses, containing 1752 gallons, valued at 10 cents per gallon,	175 20
Total,	\$1,520 44

This trial, which was witnessed by a large number of intelligent and influential planters, and the result of which, as above stated, was attested by judicial documents signed by some of the first merchants of Ponce, exhibits a balance in favor of Mr. Ramos in the advantage gained in quantity and quality combined, of \$442 53c., or about 41 per cent. Mr. Ramos guarantees that the gain in all instances shall not be less than 20 per cent.

The *Liverpool Chronicle* says of a sample in its possession—

Whether with regard to quality, color, or strength, this sample of muscovado sugar has elicited the admiration of all who have seen it. An eminent mercantile house, to whom the sample has been shown, pronounces it to be worth 39s., whilst a similar quality manufactured by the old process is selling in Liverpool at 28s. 6d.—*Spectator*, 17 April.

WE have, from the surface of the beds of the red sandstone, evidence not only of animals which traversed this substance when in a sandy state, but likewise of the physical conditions, and also of the atmospheric influences which prevailed. The pitted faces of some of the beds tell of the pelting shower, and the nature and direction of these pittings show from which quarters the storm-driven shower came; and the rippled markings which are seen on some of the beds, lead us to look backward into the abyss of time, to the wandering wave dancing in the sunbeam, or lashed into billows by the fury of the storm-king. The impressions on the new red sandstone lead the mind to an epoch so far back in the history of the

earth, that we fail to have any adequate idea of the distance of this, so far as the means by which we compute time. Yet, however remote this epoch may be, it is marked by those phenomena and circumstances, which show that the laws of nature are immutable, and that such causes were in operation as those which prevail at the present time.

The beauty and perfection in which these footprints occur, is such, that, were it not for the hardness of the stone, we might be induced to look forwards along the track for the animal which produced the impressions of which none of the solid parts remain, the footprints being its sole relic. Time, with its ruthless hand, has destroyed the monuments which man erects, to hand down to posterity the records of greatness; it has swept from the face of the earth all traces of the progress of mighty conquerors, and buried in oblivion the havoc, the slaughter, and the plundering of the oppressor, and yet it has left the evidence of the peaceful wanderings of the tortoise, and the footprints of other reptiles, made during a period long prior to what we term antiquity.

It is well to scan
What's writ on this neglected stone.

How easily the mind is led to revive in its chambers the scenes which occurred when this red sandstone formed a portion of the sand of the sea-shore! To recall the monotonous waste overspread "by ribbed sea-sand," moved and driven by every breeze—to behold the distant sea, with its wandering waves dancing in the summer's sun—to see this luminary dipping behind the western waters, and filling the face of nature with the blush of loveliness, becoming gradually more indistinct, as night draws her dark veil over the restless sea; then to perceive the crescent moon silencing the ripples of the coming tide, and hear the distant moan which foretells the brewing storm, and the moaning of the wind in the chambers of the withered shells; and again, to look forward on the western sky and see the dark clouds lower, driven by the storm towards the shore, and transiently dimpling the ocean's cheek with rain-drops until it reaches the sand, where the passing shower leaves more durable impress in the form of the pitting of fossil rain-marks. The laws of nature are beautiful and sublime, telling of the goodness as well as the greatness of the Creator.—*Fossil Footprints*.

WHICH IS THE HAPPIEST SEASON?—At a festive party of old and young, the question was asked—"Which season of life is the most happy?" After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said—"When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think, *How beautiful is spring!* And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are among the branches, I think, *How beautiful is summer!* When the autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, *How beautiful is autumn!* And when it is *sear* winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up through the leafless branches, as I never could until now, and see the stars shine."—*Sharpe's Mag.*

A CURIOUS fact for astronomers has just been ascertained. In the papers of the celebrated Lalande, recently presented to the Academy of Sciences by M. Arago, there is a note to the effect that so far back as the 25th October, 1800, he and Burckhardt were of opinion, from calculations, that there must be a planet beyond Uranus; and they occupied themselves for some time in trying to discover its precise position.—*Literary Gazette*.

From Chambers' Journal.

LABOR STANDS ON GOLDEN FEET.

THE condition of the working classes in this country is a subject of intense interest to all thinking men; but it is profitable as well as amusing to transfer our attention sometimes to the same portions of society in other countries. In Germany, for instance, the people are as busy as we are with their "hand-workers," and the questions of freedom, of industry, and general instruction are as warmly discussed as at home. We have now before us a little volume by the philosopher and historian, Zschokke, which, in the form of a fictitious narrative, treats very fully of the status of the mechanic in Fatherland; and we are tempted to cull a few extracts which may afford the reader materials for, perhaps, an interesting comparison.*

The real hero of the story is Hand-labor, and his progress is described throughout three generations of men. He is the Thought of the book, illustrated by adventure and vicissitude; living when the human agents die in succession; and leaving a distinct and continuous track in the reader's mind, when the names and persons fade or conglomerate in his memory. And yet some of these names and persons are not feebly individualized. The father, the son, and the grandson stand well out upon the canvas; and, while the family likeness is strictly preserved from generation to generation, the men are seen independent and alone, each in his own special development. The patriarch was a travelling tinker, who wheeled his wares about the country in a barrow; and then, rising in the world, attained the dignity of a hawker, with a cart of goods, drawn by a little gray ass. His son Jonas trotted on foot beside him in all his journeys, dining like his father on bread and water, and sleeping in barns or stables. But when the boy was old enough, he was turned off to pick up his own subsistence like the red-breasts, the sparrows, and the woodpeckers. "Listen, my lad," quoth Daddy Thaddeus; "this is the spring. Look for sloes and elderberries, rose-leaves and others for ointment; marjoram, spurge, and thyme, wherever thou mayst and canst. These we will sell to the apothecaries. In summer, gather basketfuls of strawberries, bilberries, and raspberries; carry them to the houses: they will yield money. In winter, let us gather and dry locks of wool, for the saddlers and tapestry-makers, and withs for the basket and mat manufacturers. From the table of the bountiful God a thousand crumbs are falling for us; these we will pick up. They will give thee cheese to thy bread, and a piece of meat to thy potatoes. Only get to work! I will give thee a little barrow, and a belt for thy shoulders."

This was his first essay in business on his own account, and he worked hard and thrived well. His separation from his father taught him how to stand on his own legs—an important piece of knowledge in a world that is as full of leave-takings as of meetings; and when they did come together, and the boy counted out his kreutzers, and the father patted him approvingly on the cheek, that boy would have changed places with no prince that ever sat on a throne. Jonas was at length apprenticed to a girdler, or worker in metals; and the old tinker in due time died, leaving his

son the parting advice, to "work, save, and pray," and a box containing a thousand guilders.

Jonas' apprenticeship passed on pretty much according to universal rule; that is, he did the drudgery of the house as well as learned the trade, and received kicks and cuffs from the journeymen. But in five years his servitude was out, and he was a journeyman himself. He was now, by the rules of his guild, obliged to travel for improvement; he spent five or six years in going to and fro upon the earth, and then came back to Altenheim an accomplished girdler. To become a master, it was necessary to prepare his "master-piece," as a specimen of what he could do, and the task allotted to him was to engrave on copper, without rule or compass, the prince's family-crest, and then to gild the work richly. This accomplished, he was received into the guild of masters with much pomp, strange ceremonies, and old-fashioned feasting—all at the charge of the poor beginner. "Without reckoning the heavy expenses of his mastership, or of clothing, linen, and furniture, in the hired lodgings and workshops, no small sum was requisite for the purchase of different kinds of tools—a lathe, an anvil, crucibles, dies, graving-implements, steel pins, hammers, chisels, tongs, scissors, &c.; and also for the purchase of brass and pinchbeck ware, copper, silver, lead, quick-silver, varnish, brimstone, borax, and other things indispensable for labor. He had also taken, without premium, an apprentice, the child of very poor people, to help him. He would have been very glad to put the rest of his money out to interest again; but he had to provide the means of subsistence for at least one year in advance, for he had to begin with neither wares nor customers."

Jonas now appears in the character of a lover, and his wooing is one of the most beautiful pictures in the book. His choice has fallen upon a servant-girl, whom he had known in boyhood.

One morning, Master Jordan sent his apprentice with a message: "Miss Fenchel was to come to him directly; he had found a good place for her." Martha hastened thither gladly.

"Hast thou found a place for me, dear Jonas?" asked she, giving him her hand gracefully. "Thank God! I began to fear becoming troublesome to our kind friends. Come, tell me where?"

He looked anxiously into her joyous blue eyes; then, in confusion, down to the ground; and then again upwards to the roof of the room, and round the four sides, as though he were seeking something lost.

"Come, tell me, then?" repeated she. "Why art thou silent?"

He collected himself, and began, hesitating: "It is—but Martha—thou must not be angry with me."

In surprise, she smiled. "Angry with thee, Jonas! If I would be, and should be, could I be?"

"Listen, Martha; I will show thee—I must tell thee—I know a man anxious to have thy heart and hand—who—even who?"

"O, Jonas, reproach me rather, but do not make mockery of me, a poor maiden!" exclaimed she, shocked or hurt, while her face lost all its color, and she turned from him.

"Martha, look at me. He is assuredly no bad man. I will bring him to thee; I will give him to thee myself."

"No, Jonas! no! From thee, least of all, can I receive a lover."

"From me, least of all!" asked he, with visible emotion. "From me, least of all! And if—I don't know—if I would give thee myself—look at me, Martha! Tell me."

* *Labor Stands on Golden Feet; or, the Life of a Foreign Workman, &c.* By Heinrich Zschokke. London: Groombridge.

Here silence ensued. She stood before him with downcast eyes and glowing cheeks, and played with her apron-string. Then, as if still doubting, she looked up again, her eyes swimming with tears, and said, with trembling lips: "What must I say, then?"

Jonas took courage, and whispered, half aloud: "Dost thou love me with all thy heart?"

Half aloud, Martha whispered back: "Thy heart knows it."

"Canst thou be satisfied with dry bread and salt?"

"Rather salt from thee than tears from me!"

"Martha, I will work for thee; wilt thou save for me?"

"I will be sparing in everything, except my own pains!"

"Well then, darling, here is my hand! Take it. Wilt thou be mine?"

"Was I not thine eight years ago and more? Even as a child? Yet no! It ought not to be, Jonas."

Alarmed, he looked in her face, and asked: "Not be? and why?"

"Think well over it, Jonas! Do thyself no injustice. I am a poor creature, without portion or property. Any other burgher's daughter in the town would be glad to give thee her hand and heart, and a good dowry beside. Thou mightst live much better."

"Say nothing about that," cried Jonas, stretching out both his hands imploringly. "Be still: I shall feel that I am but beginning to live, if thou wilt promise to live with me."

"Live, then!" said she, in blushing embarrassment, and gave him her hand.

He took her hand, and at the same time clasped his bride to his bosom, that heaved with unwonted emotion. She wept on his breast in silent joy.

We would fain, if we had room, add to this the marriage sermon, preached by the bridegroom, and well preached too; for Jonas had knowledge, although, as he said himself, he never found half so much in books as is lying everywhere about the road.

Martha was just the wife for the honest, sensible hand-worker; and, as it frequently happens with such characters, his affairs prospered from the date of his marriage. He took a larger house in a better situation for trade; and, having presented the useless "master-piece"—which nobody would buy—to the prince, he was rewarded by the dignity of "Master-girdler to the Court." But still "uprightly and hardly the court-girdler lived with his wife, just as before; active in the workshop and warehouse, at markets and at fairs. Year after year fled, though, before the last guilder could be paid off, of the debt on the house. Days of joy and of sorrow succeeded each other in turn. They were all received with gratitude to God—these as well as those."

We now come hastily to the third generation; for Jonas had a son called Veit, who was at first apprenticed to his father, and then sent to travel as a journeyman. The patriarch had had no education at all; Jonas had snatched at his just as opportunities permitted; but Veit went regularly through the brief and practical curriculum fitted for a tradesman's son. He was, consequently, better informed and more refined than either his father or grandfather; and spent so much time in gaining a thorough insight into the branches connected with his own business, that honest Jonas was quite puzzled. "Where did the boy get all these notions?" said he. "He did not get them from me, I'm sure." Veit had a bad opinion of

the travelling custom, and for these reasons: "How should these men, most of them badly brought up, attain to any greater perfection in their business, if they have left home and school without any preparation for it? No one can understand, if his understanding has not been developed. From one publican they go to another, and from one workshop to another; everywhere they find the old common track—the mechanical, mindless life of labor, just as in the very first place to which they were sent to learn their trade. At most, they acquire dexterity by practice. Now and then they learn a trick from a master, or get a receipt, which had been cautiously kept secret; when possessed of this, they think something of themselves. Even the character of these rammers is not seldom destroyed by intercourse with their fellows. They learn drinking and rioting, gambling and licentiousness, caballing and debating. Many are ruined before they return to their native place. Believe me, dearest father, the time of travel is to very few a true school for life; one in which, through frequent change of good and evil days, the head acquires experience, the thoughts strength and clearness, the heart courage and reliance on God. Very few, even of those who bring a scientific education with them, can gain much of value for their calling in life; extend their views, transfer and apply to their own line of business the inventions and discoveries that have been made in other departments of art and industry."

Jonas understood little of the refinements of his son, but he opened his eyes when Veit obtained a lucrative appointment in a large metallic manufactory, first in London and then in Paris. In a letter informing his parents of this good fortune, were enclosed the whole of the savings from his salary. "Master Jordan shook his head at this passage, and cried out, deeply moved, yet as though vexed, while a tear of motherly tenderness stole down Martha's cheek: 'No! no! by no means! What is the fool thinking of! He'll want the money himself—a simpleton. Let him wait till he comes to the master-piece. What pleases me most in the story, is his contentment and his humility. He is not ashamed of his old silver watch yet. It is not everybody that could act so. There must be strong legs to support such extraordinary good-luck. These the bursch has!'"

After years of absence, the young man at last walks suddenly into the paternal home, on his father's birth-day, and makes them all scream and weep with joy. "'Hark ye, bursch!" exclaimed Jonas, who regarded him with fatherly delight, 'thou seem'st to me almost too learned, too refined, and too elegant for Veit Jordan. What turner has cut so neat a piece of furniture out of so coarse a piece of timber!'" His stay, however, was short. M. and Mme. Bellarme (his employer at Paris) "had been loth, almost afraid, to let him go. The feeble state of health of the former began to be so serious, that he durst not engage in the bulk of his affairs. In the space of a year, both felt so complete confidence in Veit's knowledge of business, and in his honor, that they had taken him as a partner in trade, and in the foundry. Henceforth, M. Bellarme contributed his capital only; Veit his knowledge, care and industry."

The reform of the guilds, and the establishment of a technological school for the young hand-workers—both through the instrumentality of Jonas—we have no room to touch; for we must

From the Christian Observer.

REASON AND SENTIMENT.

say a parting word on the reunion of the family by Veit's return permanently from abroad. Notwithstanding the prosperity of the now old couple, "everything, ay, everything, was as he had left it years ago—as he had known it from childhood—only Christiane not. There stood yet the two well-scoured old deal tables, wrinkled, though from the protruding fibres of the wood; there were the straw-bottomed stools still; and at the window, Mother Martha's arm-chair, before which, as a child, he had repeated his lessons; there still hung the same little glass between the windows; and the wall-clock above the stove sent forth its tic-tac as fastly as ever. Father Jonas, in his enlarged workshop, with more journeymen and apprentices, smelted and hammered, filed and formed still, from morning to night, as before. The noble housewife flew about yet busy as a bee: she had managed the housekeeping without a servant since Christiane had been grown up. And Veit came back with the same cheerful disposition that he had ever shown. In the simply furnished rooms which Martha had fitted up for him, in the upper story of the house, he forgot the splendid halls, the boudoirs and ante-chambers of London, Paris, and the Bellarme estate; the Gobelin tapestry, the gold-framed pictures; the convenience of elegant furniture, and the artificial delicacies of the table on silver-plate." Assisted by the patronage of the prince, he established a great foundry in his native town, of ball and cannon, bronze and brass; and on his marriage with the aforesaid Christiane, the sovereign made him a handsome present, in a handsome manner, "as a small token of his gratitude to a family that had been so useful to the country."

In addition to the hand-workers' school, there now arose, under the auspices of this family, a training-school for teachers, a labor-school for females, and other establishments. The town was embellished; the land in the neighborhood rose in value; uncleanness and barbarism in food, clothing and houses, disappeared. "Only old men and women, grown rusty in the habits and the ignorance of many years, complain that the times are worse; at the sight of a higher civilization, they complain of 'the luxury and the pride of the world now-a-days'; as superstition dies out, they complain of 'human incredulity, and the downfall of religion.' 'The day of judgment,' say they, 'is at hand.'

"But Master Jonas, when seventy years had silvered his hair, stood almost equal to a strong man of thirty, happy, indeed, by the side of the pious Martha, in a circle of his children and children's children, honored by his fellow-citizens, and honored by his prince. He often told the story of his boyhood, how he used to go about hawking with Father Thaddeus the tinker; and his face glowed with inward satisfaction, when he compared the former period with present changes, in the production of which he could never have imagined he was to have so considerable a share. Then he used to exclaim, 'Have I not always said it! Clear understanding only in the head, love to one's neighbor in the heart, frugality in the stomach, and industry in the fingers—then: HAND-WORK STANDS ON GOLDEN FEET.'"

THE loss of a friend is like that of a limb; time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.

SOME of those writers whose disposition it is to refer everything to exterior influences, and especially to the influence of climate, have pushed the doctrine to such an extent as to contend that Popery is the *necessary* religion of those warmer climates of the earth, where imagination and passion are supposed most to prevail; and that, on the other hand, Protestantism is the *necessary* faith of those colder regions where the natural character is thought to be more sluggish and insensible. It is scarcely necessary to expose the extravagance of such an hypothesis. In the first place, it is a mere assumption that feeling and imagination are more feebly developed in the colder regions of the earth. Where has a religious movement been characterized by stronger emotions, not to say passions, than the recent struggle of the Free Church in Scotland? Where are the nations of the earth in which the deeper sensations of our nature have more largely displayed themselves than in the land of which we ourselves are natives? Where, also, has imagination made loftier and wider flights than in the works of Shakspeare and Milton? In our own days and country, imagination has even discovered a tendency to run wild in the poets of the transcendental school; and when Popery made its recent assault upon us, the cry of deep and intense emotion broke out from almost every town, village, and cottage of the land.

But even allowing that feeling is, on the whole, the characteristic of the southern nations, and thought and deliberation of the northern, Protestantism is equally fitted for both, because truth is fitted for both. The martyrs of the English Church felt as strongly as they *reasoned* deeply; and we have only to turn to a large proportion of the distinguished Puritan writers to see that the soundest logicians are among the most rousing and touching pulpit orators in the whole ranks of theology. Truth is truth, and does not bend to human infirmity. It is not the little ship, tossed and agitated by every gust of national peculiarity; but the great Leviathan, traversing the ocean without the least regard to all its tides and storms.

While, however, we maintain the existence of this combination of thought and sentiment in the highest class of northern theologians, we must admit that these two qualities are oftener to be seen in a state of separate existence than combined; and we may point to a few exemplifications of this truth.

It will not, then, be questioned, I think, that there was a strong tendency in the bulk of the English divines of a particular period in our history to give reason and logic an undue preponderance over sentiment and feeling. Any man will be satisfied of this, who casts his eye over the *catena theologicorum* of the seventeenth century. There is, indeed, food in abundance for the thinking faculty. Nobler demonstrations, more logical arguments, profounder disquisitions, it would be difficult to find in any writers. But O! the dullness, deadness, difficulty, abstruseness, of a large proportion of these volumes, "dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage." What could a congregation—except, indeed, one of the most intellectual character, such as the robed auditors of our university churches—do, but sleep under them! We are so constituted, that the moment the mind feels

itself unable to grapple with an idea, the tendency is to relax our endeavors altogether; and, as if spent with the fruitless effort, to fall back and go to rest. Mr. Knox, in his striking letter on "the line of study to be pursued," after high commendation of Baxter, says of him, "He is not however without defect."

It seems to me, that, in exercising the two great powers of his mind, thought and feeling, on divine subjects, thought rises above feeling, and seems, for the most part, in a kind of struggle to draw up feeling after it. Baxter thought so strongly and so nobly, that it is not strange that faculty should in him claim all its rights; and yet, I think, if feeling had taken the lead more, and thought had followed in its train, (employing its investigating and elucidating power on what was already tasted and enjoyed in the heart,) the act of thinking would have been more perfect in itself, and its exercise far more delightful. Baxter, I conceive, owes this blemish to his too much indulged love of metaphysical subtlety, and particularly to an abstruse and indistinct notion of the Trinity, which he was led to adopt, I know not at what period of life; but, as far as I can judge, with no happy influence on the after movements of his mind. Few, I fear, are duly aware of the danger of speculating on this great point. For my part, I must say that I have never known an instance, within my acquaintance or my reading, in which doubts or obscurities, respecting the full and proper Godhead of the Redeemer, did not injure the religious happiness of him who was possessed by them. In Baxter, however, the error existed in its slightest possible form; and though it has made him less perfect, it has not destroyed his excellence.—(p. 272.)

The sentiment of this passage, we think, is just, though we cannot understand the application of the whole of it to Baxter, when we regard him as the author of "The Saints' Rest," one of the most touching, dramatic, sensitive, imaginative in the good sense of the word, of all theological works; the book which leaves us the most in doubt, perhaps of all human writings, whether the author was composing in heaven or on earth. But as I have said, the criticism, in the abstract, is just. Thought is often permitted to get the mastery of feeling; and the result is, that we receive essays instead of sermons, and reasonings often addressed to perfectly convinced understandings, when we need to have the conscience touched and the heart awakened.

On the contrary, it cannot be doubted that the error of another class of religionists is precisely antagonist to this. Take, for example, the sermons of some of those of the clergy who united themselves with the early Methodists, and we surely find too much of mere feeling and emotion; too strong an appeal to the imagination, and too feeble a demand on the intellectual and logical powers of the hearers. Mr. Wesley, himself, indeed, can be charged, in a considerable part of his published works, with no such defect. He is an acute, and often profound, reasoner; and no man was more sensible of the value of the due use of the reasoning faculties. He somewhere says, that the true secret of his power over the ardent masses of men to whom he was nothing short of an absolute "dictator" was, that he understood logic, and they did not; and that his skill in this science was in part to be traced to his giving the Logic Lectures for the last few years he was at Oxford. His fault has always appeared to me, that, knowing the value of logic, he did not more steadily

discourage the extravagances of many of his preachers. It would be easy to point out, both in them and in that class of the clergy in the Church of England who especially associated themselves with them, a sacrifice of logic to sentiment; an attempt to rouse the passions, without a corresponding endeavor to submit them to the control of reason and common sense. We are by no means clear that Wesleyanism is not at this moment suffering the penalty of these excesses; that the false fire has not burnt out, and in some instances left only ashes behind it. And I am bound to add that, as it appears to me, a want of intellectual exertion, and of an appeal to the reasoning faculty of their hearers, have done much disservice to the cause of evangelical religion in our own church. Sentiment is an admirable auxiliary to reason, but a poor substitute for it.

What, then, is the remedy to be sought? Surely the bringing "north" and "south," logic and sentiment, together, and striving to reunite qualities which were never meant to be dissevered.

One capital error in the management of our own minds appears to be, that we are apt to encourage that which is strong in our nature, and discourage that which is weak.

If the right arm of a child is naturally strong, and the left weak, we set ourselves to strengthen the weak arm, and give less attention to the strong. But if in our mental constitution one faculty predominates, we neglect the weak, and cultivate the strong. "My boy," says one parent, "has no mathematical powers; therefore let him study classics." "My boy," says another, "wants taste and refinement for classical studies; let him therefore study mathematics." I believe that our practice should be precisely the reverse. The want of a peculiar power is a reason for cherishing and exercising it; or we can have only, what I may call, lopsided minds. And so the minister of religion. If your sermons are hard and dry, check the reason, and cherish the feelings. And *vice versa*. Men have heads as well as hearts, and hearts as well as heads; and you are bound to provide portions for both.

The union of high intellectual with imaginative power is rare, but it is not without example; and where it is complete, and the combined qualities of a high order, we have those commanding spirits who carry the world before them. Luther is perhaps one of the noblest examples of this combination. Schools and colleges quailed before his reasoning, and whole multitudes were carried away by his emotions.

I have only one observation to add, that, as in these instances we have both reason and feeling, so in other cases, sad to say, we have *neither*; under which category perhaps the opposite classes may be disposed to range the writer of the present paper. Mere reasoners will call him "illogical," and mere sentimentalists "unfeeling;" but you, sir, I hope, in the fulness of your charity, will give him credit for at least a small measure of both.

An ill-humor is too great a luxury to be abandoned all at once. It is, moreover, a post of great advantage whenever any one endeavors to coax us out of it; it is like holding a fort, we endeavor to make good terms before leaving it.

The tongue was intended for a divine organ, but the devil often plays upon it.

From the Westminster Review.

SHELL-FISH: THEIR WAYS AND WORKS.

An Introduction to Conchology, or Elements of the Natural History of Molluscous Animals. By GEORGE JOHNSTON, M. D., LL. D. London: J. Van Voorst.

It is reported of the Orcadians that they hold in utter contempt a certain people among the Thuleans, who satisfy hunger by eating limpets, an act regarded by the prouder race as the last extremity of human meanness. The self-exaltation of the Orcadians above their conchivorous neighbors may be paralleled intellectually by the proud disdain with which naturalists have looked down upon conchologists. Your dry and prosaic mathematician, in his turn, slights the naturalist, whose studies he is apt to rank among the more trifling exercises of human intellect. The idle and self-satisfied satirist has his fling at all, and spins his filmy rhymes and pithy verses in happy ignorance, or unfeigned dislike of natural knowledge and the Royal Society.

Yet if any one of these wise men, be he Orcadian, or conchologist, or naturalist, or mathematician, or satirist, have the good fortune, so far as his stomach is concerned, to partake of a feast aldermanic, in the Egyptian Hall of the temple wherein the Neo-Babylonians annually erect a lord mayor, and worship him with baked offerings of venison and steaming censers of odorous turtle-soup, he shall find a wiser man in his generation at his elbow; one who holds Thulean, Orcadian, conchologist, mathematician, and satirist alike in contempt, and makes no distinction or bones between mortals, unless they have been money-producers.

Now, to our way of thinking, all the various kinds of knowledge distinctive of each of these varieties of men are good, respectable and worthy of mutual esteem. The knowledge of the Thulean, that there is nutrition even in a limpet; of the Orcadian, that there is something better than a feast of limpets; of the conchologist, that shells are worthy of examination and admiration; of the naturalist, that there is a philosophy in shell-fish over and above their jackets; of the mathematician, that his own is among the profoundest of sciences; of the merchant, that money-making requires forethought, energy, and skill. Nor do we admit the right of any kind of knowledge to puff itself up and stamp upon any other sort, however apparently mean. There are facts worth knowing, and a philosophy worth evoking in all things, small and great; even in shell-fish and conchologists, two despised categories of individuals, often brought into contact with each other, with more advantage, however, to the latter class than to the former.

Look at an oyster. In what light does the world in general—not your uneducated, stolid, world merely, but your refined, intellectual, cultivated, classical world—regard it? Simply as a delicacy—as good to eat. The most devoted of oyster-eaters opens the creature's shell solely to swallow the included delicious morsel, without contemplation or consideration. He uses it as a candidate for orders does an article of faith; he bolts it whole and without a question. He relishes with undisguised gusto the good living that lies embodied in a barrel of Colchester natives. He gratifies his palate, and satisfies a craving stomach. He takes neither note nor notice of the curious intricacies of its organization; he neither knows

nor cares about its wisely-contrived network of nerves and blood-vessels. He clips its beard, that wondrous membrane of strange and curious mechanism by which the creature breathes, as thoughtlessly as he would shave his own. He gulps down its luscious substance, unmindful that he is devouring a body and organs, which all the science of man can only dissect and destroy, without a hope of being able either to recompose or reanimate. Moreover, were Cuvier, or Owen, or any other philosopher deeply versed in the mysteries of the molluscous microcosm, to remonstrate for a moment against the cannibal act of one soft body swallowing up another without understanding, and endeavor to enlighten our ostreophagist, by discovering to him the beauties of his victim's conformation, he would regard the interruption as ill-timed and impertinent, and hold by his original intention of bolting his oyster without inquiry or investigation. The world is mainly made up of such ostreophagists. Yet, could we persuade them to hesitate—to listen for five minutes—we feel sure that they would live and die wiser and happier men, without the slightest diminution of the keen relish with which, in the days of their darkness, they enjoyed their testaceous prey.

On the other hand regard the mere conchologist. He eviscerates his oysters as earnestly and gloatingly as the veriest Dando. Nay, worse! he rejects, without either inspection or deglutition, the soft and tempting substance, and contents himself with the hard and unprofitable shell. He counts all its little waves and scales and ribs, without heeding whether they ever enclosed a living body. He cares not to know how they have developed with the creature's growth, and what were the features of the incipient germs. His whole ambition is centred in the wish to possess a fine example of an oyster-shell. He has gained his inglorious aim, and, after one more gaze at his beautiful treasure, goes to rest happily for the night to dream that he is reposing upon an oyster bed, entirely composed of choice unhipped specimens, all shells and no insides! Lucian ridiculed the philosophers who spent their lives inquiring into the souls of oysters. The satirist overshot his mark. Such wisacres were respectable when compared with their brethren, who care for neither an oyster's soul nor body, but concentrate their faculties in the contemplation of its shell.

And yet there is a philosophy in oyster-shells undreamed of by the mere conchologist! A noble and wondrous philosophy revealing to us glimpses of the workings of creative power among the dim and distant abysses of the incalculable past; speaking to us of the genesis of oyster-creatures ere the idea of man occupied the creative mind; giving us a scale by which to measure the building up of the world in which we live, such as the mathematician, and the natural philosopher, and the astronomer, all combining, could not furnish; unfolding for us the pages of the volume in which the history of our planet, its convulsions and tranquillities, its revolutions and gradualities, are inscribed in unmistakable characters. The letters of that book are shaped in the likenesses of extinct and existing beings; plants and animals; not written slovenly and shapelessly, but drawn by a firm and sure hand. The sentences of that book are all consistent and inseparable verses of one eternal and symmetrical psalm; of a grand and harmonious hymn, plenary inspired. There can be no question about the plenary inspiration of the

Book of Nature. Yet the letters of those sublime sentences are in great part despised oyster-shells and similar relics. The alphabet that we use ourselves, could we read what passes in the mind of an infant, would seem bizarre, fantastic, and incomprehensible, if looked upon without understanding of its meaning and purpose. The great majority of grown men, educated and uneducated alike, are to the alphabet of nature in the position of children. To them the oyster-shell is a mere rude and sportive device. But teach them to read and spell, to peruse and study the great Bible of Nature, and that device becomes a sign pregnant with meaning. Assuredly there is a philosophy in oyster-shells.

And then the oyster itself—the soul and body of the shell—is there no philosophy in him or her! For now we know that oysters are really he and she, and that Bishop Sprat, when he gravely proposed the study of oyster-beds as a pursuit worthy of the sages who, under the guidance of his co-bishop, Wilkins, and Sir Christopher Wren, were laying the foundation stones of the Royal Society, was not so far wrong when he discriminated between lady and gentleman oysters. The worthy suggestor, it is true, knew no better than to separate them according to the color of their beads; as great a fallacy, as if, in these days of bloomerism, we should propose to distinguish between males and females by the fashion of their waistscoats or color of their pantaloons; or, before this last great innovation of dress, to diagnose between a dignitary episcopal and an ancient dame by the comparative length of their respective aprons. In that soft and gelatinous body lies a whole world of vitality and quiet enjoyment. Somebody has styled fossiliferous rocks “monuments of the felicity of past ages.” An undisturbed oyster-bed is a concentration of happiness in the present. Dormant though the several creatures there congregated seem, each individual is leading the beatified existence of an Epicurean god. The world without—its cares and joys, its storms and calms, its passions, evil and good—all are indifferent to the unheeding oyster. Unobserving even of what passes in its immediate vicinity, its whole soul is concentrated in itself; yet not sluggishly and apathetically, for its body is throbbing with life and enjoyment. The mighty ocean is subservient to its pleasures. The rolling waves waft fresh and choice food within its reach, and the flow of the current feeds it without requiring an effort. Each atom of water that comes in contact with its delicate gills evolves its imprisoned air to freshen and invigorate the creature's pellucid blood. Invisible to human eye, unless aided by the wonderful inventions of human science, countless millions of vibrating cilia are moving incessantly with synchronous beat on every fibre of each fringing leaflet. Well might old Læwenhoek exclaim, when he looked through his microscope at the beard of a shell-fish, “The motion I saw in the small component parts of it was so incredibly great, that I could not be satisfied with the spectacle; and it is not in the mind of man to conceive all the motions which I beheld within the compass of a grain of sand.” And yet the Dutch naturalist, unaided by the finer instruments of our time, beheld but a dim and misty indication of the exquisite ciliary apparatus by which these motions are effected. How strange to reflect that all this elaborate and inimitable contrivance has been devised for the well-being of a despised shell-fish!

Nor is it merely in the working members of the creature that we find its wonders comprised. There are portions of its frame which seem to serve no essential purpose in its economy; which might be omitted without disturbing the course of its daily duties, and yet so constant in their presence and position that we cannot doubt their having had their places in the original plan according to which the organization of the mollusk was first put together. These are symbols of organs to be developed in creatures higher in the scale of being; antitypes, it may be, of limbs, and anticipations of undeveloped senses. These are the first draughts of parts to be made out in their details elsewhere; serving, however, an end by their presence, for they are badges of relationship and affinity between one creature and another. In them the oystereater and the oyster may find some common bond of sympathy and distant cousinhood. Had the disputatious and needle-witted schoolmen known of these mysteries of vitality, how vainly subtle would have been their speculations concerning the solution of such enigmas!

But the life of a shell-fish is not one of unvarying rest. Observe the phases of an individual oyster from the moment of its earliest embryo-life, independent of maternal ties, to the consummation of its destiny when the knife of fate shall sever its muscular cords and doom it to entombment in a living sepulchre. How starts it forth into the world of waters! Not, as unenlightened people believe, in the shape of a minute, bivalved, protected, grave, fixed, and steady oysterling. No; it enters upon its career all life and motion, flitting about in the sea as gayly and lightly as a butterfly or a swallow skims through the air. Its first appearance is as a microscopic oyster-cherub, with wing-like lobes flanking a mouth and shoulders, unincumbered with inferior crural prolongations. It passes through a joyous and vivacious juvenility, skipping up and down as if in mockery of its heavy and immovable parents. It voyages from oyster-bed to oyster-bed, and, if in luck, so as to escape the watchful voracity of the thousand enemies that lie in wait or prowl about to prey upon youth and inexperience, at length, having sown its wild oats, settles down into a steady, solid, domestic oyster. It becomes the parent of fresh broods of oyster-cherubs. As such it would live and die, leaving its shell, thickened through old age, to serve as its monument throughout all time; a contribution towards the construction of a fresh geological epoch, and a new layer of the earth's crust, were it not for the gluttony of man, who, rendering this sober citizen of the sea from his native bed, carries him unresisting to busy cities and the hum of crowds. If a handsome, well-shaped, and well-flavored oyster, he is introduced to the palaces of the rich and noble, like a wit, or a philosopher, or a poet, to give additional relish to their sumptuous feasts. If a sturdy, thick-backed, strong-tasted individual, fate consigns him to the capacious tub of the street-fishmonger, from whence, dosed with coarse black pepper and pungent vinegar, embalmed partly after the fashion of an Egyptian king, he is transferred to the hungry stomach of a costermonger, or becomes the luxurious repast of a successful pickpocket.

Were it not that pains are taken to rear and cherish oyster-broods, the incessant war waged by the human race against this highly-esteemed but much-persecuted mollusk, would have gone far to extirpate the species long before now. It must

have been a natural instinct that prompted the first oyster-eater to make his great experiment. "Animal est aspectu et horridum et nauseosum," truly observed Lentilius, "sive ad spectes in sua concha clausum, sive apertum, ut audax fuisse credi queat, qui primum ea labris admovit." Once, however, the luscious morsel had been tasted, the horrid and nauseous aspect of the animal was forgotten. Epicures soon learned to discriminate between the various qualities of this submarine delicacy, as well as of other edible shell-fish, and to prefer those that came from some localities over others.

—non omne mare est generose fertile testæ.
 Murice Baiano melior Lucrina peloris :
 Ostrea Circiis. Misenæ oriuntur echini ;
 Pectinibus patulis jactat se molle Tarentum.

Thus minutely did Horace lay down the law respecting the proper places from which each favored mollusk should be procured. In the matter of oysters, however, the Circæan examples could never have equalled our own natives, and the ancient Romans deserve the warmest commendation for the justness of their taste in appreciating our British aborigines, the recognition of whose excellence, after carriage to Italy before the days of steam and railroads, was the greatest compliment ever paid to a shell-fish. The epicure of whom Juvenal reports—

Circæis nata forent, an
 Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo
 Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu,

deserved to be once more called into life and being, and permitted to spend one delicious hour amid the newly-dredged natives, cultivated and civilized, after centuries of experience, to the highest degree of perfection, in a London oyster-cellar.

The consumption of oysters in London alone is indeed enormous. During the season of 1848-49, one hundred and thirty thousand bushels of oysters were sold in our metropolis. A million and a half of these shell-fish are consumed during each season in Edinburgh, being at the rate of more than seven thousand three hundred a day. Fifty-two millions were taken from the French channel banks during the course of the year 1828, and now the number annually dredged is probably considerably greater, since the facilities of transport by rail greatly increase the inland consumption of these as of other marine luxuries. French naturalists report that before an oyster is qualified to appear in Paris, he must undergo a course of education in discretion. For the artificial oyster-beds on the French coast, where the animals are stored to be carried away as required, are constructed between tide marks, and their denizens, accustomed to pass the greater part of the twenty-four hours beneath the water, open their valves and gape when so situated, but close them firmly when they are exposed by the recession of the tide. Habituated to these alternations of immersion and exposure, the practice of opening and closing their valves at regular intervals becomes natural to them, and would be persisted in to their certain destruction, on their arrival in Paris, were they not ingeniously trained so as to avert the evil. Each batch of oysters intended to make the journey to the capital is subjected to a preliminary exercise in keeping the shell closed at other hours than when the tide is out, until at length the shell-fish have learned by experience

that it is necessary to do so whenever they are uncovered by sea-water. Thus they are enabled to enter the metropolis of France as polished oysters ought to do, not gaping like astounded rustics. We would not stake either our own or Dr. Johnson's authority on this conchological anecdote, which we offer with the preceding statistics, (these we warrant,) as supplementary to his interesting dissertation on oyster-fisheries. We have it, however, from some of the best-qualified informants in France. In consequence of the continually-increasing consumption of oysters, the comparatively small number and extent of well-managed artificial oyster grounds, the waste and neglect of the dredgers upon those which are natural, and the limited localities in which oysters are found thriving indigenously in any considerable quantity, we believe that the time will come when the supply will be greatly decreased, and when this cherished luxury will necessarily rise in price until it may no longer, as now, find a place among the delicacies of the poor man's table. The law has done its best to preserve them, and Parliament has more than once legislated about oysters. With proper care a plentiful supply might doubtless be kept up, but they have many foes and devourers besides man. Starfishes, with greedy fingers, poke them out of their shells, when incautiously yawning, and wheelks assail them from above, perseveringly drilling a hole through and through their upper valves. Fortunately man at least does not carry them away from their homes until they have attained their maturity. A London oyster-man can tell the ages of his flock to a nicety. They are in perfection when from five to seven years old. The age of an oyster is not to be found out by looking into its mouth ; it bears its years upon its back. Everybody who has handled an oyster-shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth, so that, by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the epoch of its maturity the shoots are regular and successive, but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster-shells have attained, this mollusk is capable, if left to its natural changes and unmolested, of attaining a patriarchal longevity. Among fossil oysters specimens are found occasionally of enormous thickness ; and the amount of time that has passed between the deposition of the bed of rock in which such an example occurs, and that which overlies it, might be calculated from careful observation of the shape and number of layers of calcareous matter composing an extinct oyster-shell. In some ancient formations stratum above stratum of extinguished oysters may be seen, each bed consisting of full-grown and aged individuals. Happy broods these pre-Adamite congregations must have been, born in an epoch when epicures were as yet unthought of, when neither Sweeting nor Lynn had come into existence, and when there were no workers in iron to fabricate oyster-knives ! Geology, and all its wonders, makes known to us scarcely one more mysterious or inexplicable than the creation of oysters long before oyster-eaters and the formation of oyster-banks—ages before dredgers ! What a lamentable heap of good nourishment must have been wasted during the

primæval epochs! When we meditate upon this awful fact, can we be surprised that bishops will not believe in them, and, rather than assent to the possibility of so much good living having been created to no purpose, hold faith with Mattioli and Fallopio, who maintained fossils to be the fermentations of a *materia pinguis*; or Mercati, who saw in them stones bewitched by stars; or Olivi, who described them as the "sports of nature;" or Dr. Plot, who derived them from a latent plastic virtue?

A collection of shells is a beautiful and surprising sight; beautiful, since more exquisite examples of elegance of form and brilliancy of color cannot be found through the wide range of natural objects, whether organized or inorganicized; surprising, when we consider that all these durable relics were constructed by soft and fragile animals, among the most perishable of living creatures. Still more surprising is such an assemblage when we reflect upon the endless variation of pattern and sculpture which it displays, for there are known to naturalists more than fifteen thousand perfectly distinct kinds of shells, each presenting some peculiarity of contour or ornament, distinguishing it from every other sort. Then, again, whilst multitudes of species present constant and invariable features, others, as numerous, are capable of changing their dress so capriciously that scarcely two individuals can be found exactly alike. Some, too, obey in the coiling of their whorls the most exact geometrical rules, whilst others are twisted and twirled into fantastic likenesses of cornucopias and trumpets, without regard to symmetry or direction. Yet every one of the fifteen thousand and more kinds has a rule of its own, a law which every individual of each kind through all its generations implicitly obeys. Thus there is a liberty to vary given to some, whilst others are rigidly bound by immutable rules of the utmost simplicity; but to none is allowed the license to depart, unless in the exceptional case of useless and abnormal monstrosities, from the law of its specific organization. The researches of the naturalist have made him conversant not merely with the fact of these myriads of modifications of the type of the molluscous shell, but also with the laws obeyed by whole groups of forms, and the principles which may be evoked from the careful and minute study of species and genus. Thus a science arises out of the knowledge of conchological details, and truths are elicited which bear importantly upon the elucidation of the laws of life and being throughout organized nature. The formation of the shell itself is but an example of a process at work equally in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. A shell, whether simple or complicated in contour or color, is the aggregate result of the functional operations of numberless minute membranous cells, the largest of which does not exceed one-hundredth of an inch in diameter, and in the majority of instances is less than one two-thousandth of an inch. In the cavities of these microscopic chambers is deposited the crystalline carbonate of lime, which gives compactness to the beautiful dwelling-house, or rather coat of mail, that protects the tender mollusk. How astonishing is the reflection that myriads of exactly similar and exceedingly minute organs should so work in combination that the result of their labors should present an edifice rivalling, nay exceeding, in complexity yet order of details and perfection of elaborate finish, the finest palaces ever constructed

by man! Throughout nature we find the same complicated results attained by the same simple mechanism. The flower of the field, the shell of the sea, the bird of the air, the beasts of the forest, and man himself, are all so many cell-constructions, wings of the one wonderful animated edifice, whose masons we may behold through the aid of instruments of human construction, but whose architect is beyond the power of mortal science to comprehend. Everywhere the naturalist discovers the hand-prints of an omniscient Designer, but must humbly content himself with endeavoring to develop the unity and benevolence of the design.

The mollusk in building up its house does not always labor for itself alone. The brilliant lustre and gleaming iridescence of its shelly envelope are not always destined to remain hidden in the depths of ocean, or immured within mountains of rock. The painted savage appreciates its pearly charms, and plunges beneath the waves to seek the living joints of his simple necklaces and armlets, or to supply his civilized brother with highly-prized materials for more elaborate ornaments. Mother-of-pearl, as it is called, is the nacreous portion of the shells of certain mollusks belonging to very different orders. Its charming coloring is not due to pigments, but caused by the arrangements of the layers of membrane and solid matter of which it is composed. The nacreous shells which furnish it are now sought for greedily wherever they can be obtained in sufficient quantity, and form articles of considerable import. From our own seas, or rather from the sea around the Channel Isles, we procure the *Halotis* or *Seaear* to use it in the decorations of papier-maché work; and other and larger kinds of the same curious genus are brought from the shores and islands of the Pacific Ocean for the same purpose. They furnish the deep-colored and richer-hued dark green and purple mother-of-pearl; the brighter and paler kinds are derived from the shell of the pearl-oysters, almost all inhabitants of tropical regions. The nacre of pearls themselves is identical with the substance of these shells. These jewels of animal origin, so highly prized for their chaste beauty, are only the rejected or superabundant secretions of a shell-fish, consisting of concentrically-disposed layers of animal matter and carbonate of lime. In most instances they are consequences of the attempts of irritated and uneasy mollusks to make the best of an unavoidable evil; for, rendered uncomfortable, their peace of mind and ease of body destroyed by some intruding and extraneous substance, a grain of sand perchance or atom of splintered shell, the creature incloses its torturing annoyance in a smooth-coated sphere of gem-like beauty. Would that we bipeds could treat our troubles so philosophically, and convert our secret cankers into sparkling treasures! It is not to be wondered at that the earlier naturalists ascribed the production of pearls to other causes than the true one, believing them to be congealed and petrified dew or rain drops falling from heaven into the cavities of gaping shell-fish, thereby supplying the poets with a suggestive hypothesis, out of which many a beautiful verse and quaint conceit has sprung. There is, indeed, a version of malacology peculiar now to the poets, but originally derived from the fanciful dreamings of unobservant zoologists, or their credulous acceptance of the narratives of superstitious fishermen and exaggerating travellers. To it belongs

such pretty but imaginary actions as the voyages of the nautilus floating with outspread sails and paddling oars on the surface of unruffled seas, the terrestrial expeditions of the cuttlefish, and the dew-drop theory of pearls. Long after such errors have been investigated and exposed, and consequently expunged from the text-book of scientific students, they retain a tenacious hold of more popular treatises, and keep their accustomed place in the compilations put into the hands of children. Indeed, a general revision of all the pretended facts of science, stereotyped as it were in school-books, is becoming more and more desirable every day.

Excellent and estimable as many shell-fish are, a few partake of a reputation by no means creditable. There are among them creatures exceedingly obnoxious—poisoners and sickeners. Mussels, above all, have a bad name, yet the quantities of them brought to the London market and purchased as treats by the poor (for the richer classes despise them), are very great. In Edinburgh and Leith about 400 bushels of mussels, that is, about 400,000 individual animals, are used as food in the course of the year.* A statement has lately gone the round of the newspapers to the effect that, during the two months ending in November last, no fewer than 330 tons of mussels have been sent by rail from Conway to Manchester, in consequence of the opening of the Chester and Holyhead Railway. These were brought in bags, of which sixteen went to a ton, and each bag was sold at from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings. Yet on many parts of our coast the mussels remain ungathered, for the people believe them noxious, and every now and then the doctors register, in the sanguinary periodicals devoted to their profession, authentic cases of poisoning by these shell-fish. Yet the number of persons killed or wounded by this virulent though savory mollusk, is but small; almost minute when compared with the number of mussel-eaters. One man "musselled," however, makes more noise in the world than a million unharmed; just as the fate of a single victim of a railway accident overpowers all our recollections of the myriads who travel safely every day. Like railways, too, mussels sometimes upset people in batches. In 1827 the town of Leith was thrown into commotion and fearfully frightened in consequence of the hostile proceedings of a number of these fish-in-armor, who, after having for many years conducted themselves quietly and digestibly in the stomachs of their devourers, suddenly waxed rebellious, and were declared to have insidiously poisoned many hundreds of human beings, though, as with great battles, the number of the fallen was wickedly exaggerated, very few really having been killed, and no more than two score wounded. The victims of these attacks are thrown into convulsions; often partially paralyzed; their skins in many instances become covered with nettle-rash. Why such symptoms should supervene has sadly puzzled physicians. No rule seems as yet to have been made out; so that if a man will eat mussels he must trust to his stars. The chances of safety are a million to one in his favor. A restless night and hideous dreams are likely to be the worst results of his indiscretion. There is a bivalve shell-fish, called *Anomia*, remarkable for having a hole near the beak of its under-valve, through which a fleshy plug is protruded to serve as a cable and moor it to the rock. It strikingly resembles an oyster, and when of ample size has been treated as

such, and eaten. Its pungent flavor tickles the palate; but if once tasted it should be immediately rejected, since this oyster, peppered by nature, is exceedingly pernicious, and apt to produce very ugly symptoms in its consumers. In it we have an instance of a mollusk reputed harmless being in reality dangerous. Evil qualities are, however, more frequently assigned to animals unjustly. An example of this we find in the sea-hare or *Aplysia*, which from very ancient times has been held in bad repute as a malignant. The ancient Romans regarded this sea-slug with exceeding horror, and believed that its aspect alone caused sickness, nay, death itself, sometimes, in its beholders. Pregnant women were brought to bed before their time, if unluckily they caught sight of this ill-omened creature. Its scent was said to infect the air. The foolhardy meddler who handled it swelled and possibly burst in consequence; at any rate his hair fell from his head and chin. Subtle poisons were concocted from its slimy corpse. With these *Locusta* drenched to death the enemies of Nero, and prepared a like beverage for the crazy tyrant himself, but his stomach could not muster resolution to receive the odious draught. An inquisitive virtuoso could not marry a rich widow in those days without having the sea-hare summoned as a witness against him; *Apuleius*, having done so, was accused of magic; a very strong proof against him being his employment of fishermen to procure *Aplysia* for the purpose of satisfying his curiosity by a careful examination of them. The poison itself was reputed subtle and peculiar in its action, killing very slowly and deliberately, not absolutely destroying life until after as many days as the sea-hare itself had lived after having been taken out of the sea. Its employment, however, was not safe to those who used it, for it betrayed its presence by too many peculiar symptoms in the human sufferer, who gave out an odor from his body similar to that attributed to the mollusk. Even in these enlightened days, fishermen all over the world—Britons and Italians, Malays and Polynesians—devoutly believe in the evil qualities of this sea-slug. How strange that so prevalent, so far-extending a superstition should be absolutely groundless! All modern naturalists of reputation, who have examined the sea-hare about its poisonous qualities, have agreed to pronounce it guiltless of the crimes laid to its charge. This *bête noire* of fishermen and compilers is a pretty, harmless, quiet, inoffensive creature, crawling among the rainbow-colored sea-weeds that fringe most rocky shores just beneath low-water mark; sporting with *Doris* and *Antipora*, and other graceful nymphs of the briny waters, who in these prosaic times reveal themselves to men in the diminished shapes of delicately-robed mollusks. The *Aplysia* might stand as the representative of a thousand similar vulgar errors. Erroneous fancies about the qualities of animals and plants are elements of popular belief. Often, as in the instance we have just been recording, it is almost impossible to trace even the shadow of a foundation for the popular notion. Fictions of this kind have an astonishing vitality, and survive in defiance of general intellectual progress. They are changeable and pertinacious as some of those surprising creatures which the microscope brings within the compass of our ocular ken—now contracted into an almost inconceivable point, now swelling into sizeable masses; round one moment, square the next; shooting out limbs at pleasure, and retracting them as rapidly; capa-

* History of British Mollusca, vol. ii., p. 175.

ble of disappearing for a season, and, on the return of favoring conditions, becoming as vivacious and astonishing as before. So very few persons have acquired in the course of their education even the rudiments of natural history science, that it is almost impossible to argue with, still more to convince them, about the erroneousness of their baseless superstition respecting animals and plants. In nine cases out of ten they appeal to the experience either of themselves, or of some equally ill-informed friends, on whose judgment they place confidence. It is not merely the uneducated or partially educated who sin in this foolish way; scholars and mathematicians are as prone to be confident in their capacity to pronounce judgment upon matters requiring a peculiar training and study ere they can be correctly observed, as peasants and fishermen. The evil will not be remedied until training in the methods of observation, and instruction in the elements of natural history, form part of the necessary education of youth. None but a naturalist can conceive the astounding folly of the prevailing ignorance about even the commonest biological phenomena.

There is, however, a mollusk, the worker of ten times more mischief to mankind than ever the seahare was accused of doing, savagely as that poor innocent has been slandered. The shipworm or teredo is a bivalve shell-fish, which, as if in revenge for the unceasing war waged by mankind against its near relative the oyster, seems to have registered a vow to extinguish the vitality of as many human beings as lies within its power. That power, though exercised by an insignificant shell-fish, is a prodigious one, for ever since mankind turned attention to nautical affairs and went to sea in ships, the teredo has unceasingly endeavored, unfortunately with too much success, to sink their marine conveyances. Nor have vessels alone been the object of its attacks, for many a goodly landing pier has it riddled into shreds, not to speak of bolder attempts, such as the endeavor to swamp Holland by destroying the piles of her embankments. The shipworm is the only mollusk that has ever succeeded in frightening politicians, and more than once it has alarmed them effectively. A century and a quarter ago, indeed, all Europe believed that the United Provinces were doomed to destruction, and that the teredo was sent by the Deity to pull down the growing arrogance of the Hollanders. "*Quantum nobis injicere terrorem valuit*," wrote Sellius, a politician who suddenly became a zoologist, and a good one too, under the influence of the general alarm, "*quum primum nostros nefario ausu muros consenderet, exilis bestiola! quanta fuit omnium, quamque universalis consternatio! quantus pavor! quem nec homo homini, qui sibi maxime alias ab invicem timent, incutere similem, nec armatissimi hostium imminentes exercitus excitare majorem quirent.*" In our own country, although we undergo no danger of being suddenly submerged, as our Dutch neighbors might be, we have suffered seriously in our dockyards and harbors by the operations of the shipworm, to which the soundest and hardest oak offers no impediment. As a defence against it, the under-water portion of woodwork in dockyards has been studded with broad-headed iron nails. Like most mollusks, the teredo, though fixed when adult, is free in its young state, and consequently enabled to migrate and attach itself wherever mischief can be done by it. Thus ships at sea are attacked, and no wood has yet been found capable of defying its efforts. Even

teak and sissoo woods, hard as they are, dissolve before it with rapidity; and though the chemical process of kyanizing timber successfully defeats the ravages of time, it fails before the voracity of the teredo. By a remarkable instinct, the shipworm tunnels in the direction of the grain of the wood, whatever be its position, and thus succeeds in its purpose with destructive rapidity. The tube with which it lines its bore is sometimes nearly two feet and a half in length; it is not always straight, for if the creature meets an impediment sufficiently hard to defy its power, it takes a circuitous course, and thus gets round the obstacle. In like manner it avoids any interference with its fellow-shipworms, winding round them in such a way, that at length a piece of wood attacked by many teredos becomes transformed into a knot of calcareous tubes. The tube is not the true shell of this dreaded mollusk. That body is to be sought for at its innermost extremity. It consists of two very small curved valves, united at their beaks, and beautifully sculptured on their surfaces. The pipe or tube is a lime-walled shaft, intended to keep up a communication between the animal and the watery element necessary for its existence, and to protect the soft body and long fleshy siphons of the creature. How the cavity in which it lives is excavated is still a matter of discussion among naturalists. There are many shell-fish endowed with the instinct to burrow into wood or clay, or even hard stone; and it is not yet certain whether they do so by mechanical or by chemical agencies, or by a combination of the actions of an anger and a solvent. Many sea snails, as well as bivalve shell-fish, have the power to perforate solid substances; and some of the predacious kinds exercise this faculty to the detriment of their brother shell-fish by boring through their outer coverings, and extracting the juices of their bodies by means of long, soft, extensible trunks. There is reason to believe that this operation is effected by the aid of the siliceous teeth which stud their long ribbon-shaped tongues. These microscopic teeth are beautiful objects, exhibiting regular and constant shapes; so constant, indeed, that by mere inspection of a fragment of the tongue of a sea or land snail, the naturalist can pronounce to a certainty upon the affinities of the creature to which it belonged. Even its particular genus may be verified; and, in a few years (for this kind of research is as yet novel and only commenced), probably its very species may be thus determined. These teeth are arranged in transverse rows upon the tongue. From an ordinary individual of the common limpet, a tongue two inches in length may be extracted, armed with no fewer than 150 or more bands of denticles, twelve in each row, so that in all it may possess nearly 2000 teeth. The limpet uses this elaborate organ as a rasp with which to reduce to small particles the substance of the sea-weeds upon which it feeds. In some of our common garden slugs as many as 20,000 teeth may be counted. Wonderful, indeed, is this complication of minute organisms!

Throughout nature apparent evils are compensated by unnoticed benefits. Destructive as the shipworm unquestionably is, nevertheless we could ill dispense with its services. Though a devastator of ships and piers, it is also a protector of both, for were the fragments of wrecks and masses of stray timber, that would choke harbors and clog the waves, permitted to remain undestroyed, the loss of life and injuries to property that would result would soon far exceed all the damages done

and dangers caused by the tereido. This active shell-fish is one of the police of Neptune; a scavenger and clearer of the sea. It attacks every stray mass of floating or sunken timber with which it comes into contact, and soon reduces it to harmlessness and dust. For one ship sunk by it a hundred are really saved; and whilst we deprecate the mischief and distress of which it has been the unconscious cause, we are bound to acknowledge that, without its operations, there would be infinitely more treasure buried in the abysses of the deep, and venturous mariners doomed to watery graves.

Shell-fish had once the reputation of being among the dullest, most inert, and stupid of living animals. "Les mollusques," wrote Virey, even within our own time, "sont les pauvres et les affligés parmi les êtres de la création; ils semblent solliciter la pitié des autres animaux." Their senses were believed to be developed but imperfectly, and in the majority not at all. At the same time marvellous manifestations of intelligence and sensibility were occasionally attributed to favorite or popular species, usually on account of actions for which they deserved no credit; at best, mere instinctive impulses or even convulsive contractions. The older writers on natural history, especially, sinned in this way. Hector Boethius reported of pearl mussels, that they had so quick an appreciation of the treasure contained within their shells, as to close their valves carefully and firmly on hearing the approach of a footstep, or desecrating (how, the witness deponeth not) the greedy shape of a fisherman upon the bank overhanging their translucent home. And Otho Fabricius, a much greater authority, indeed one of the best observers of his time, asserted that the *Mya byssifera*, a bivalve indigenous to the seas of Greenland, moored itself by a cable or remained free and unattached after due consideration of the circumstances in which it was placed; a nearer approach to the truth, however, than the ingenious figment of Boethius. The fool told King Lear, that the reason why a snail has a house, was "to put his head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and have his horns without a case;" which wise and significant explanation was as good an interpretation of the fact, as many a one gravely set forth in the ponderous tomes of Rondeletius and Aldrovandus. The wisdom of the snail, however, met with its highest appreciation from Lorenz Oken, that mistiest of philosophic naturalists, yet at the same time one of the most farseeing and suggestive. To him (alas! the past summer has witnessed the death of this venerable teacher, and, in spite of all his absurdities, true genius) the snail was the very embodiment of circumspection and forethought. To use his own words, he saw in it the "prophesying goddess sitting upon the tripod." "What majesty," he exclaims, "is in a creeping snail! what reflection, what earnestness, what timidity, and yet, at the same time, what firm confidence! Surely a snail is an exalted symbol of mind slumbering deeply within itself." In plain truth, however, there is no need to give shell-fish credit for acts and doings that belong not to their intentions. They have sufficient acuteness and sensibility in their own peculiar way, and their instinctive proceedings are often very surprising. In every collection and museum may be seen the turbinated top-shell, called *Phorus*, that by some tasteful impulse decorates its turret whorls with fragments of variegated paddles or shells of other kinds than its own, cementing them to its dwell-

ing-house symmetrically and at regular intervals, something in the manner that the members of the Carlton Club have stuck parti-colored stones at proportional distances over the front of their palace in Pall Mall, or as Mr. Hope has done on his somewhat ponderous shell in Piccadilly. Nay, more curious still, the *Phorus* will sometimes occasionally let its taste get the better of compassion, and seize upon a little sea-snail weaker than itself, but possessed of fatal attractions of sculpture or color, and, regardless of the agonized writhings of its captive's neck and tail, remorselessly suspend the victim for life from the battlements of its testaceous tower; as if the members of the said Carlton Club had impaled some stony-hearted but handsome reformer on their chimneys or the sharp angles of their frieze. Mark any snail, be it aquatic or terrestrial, in the act of crawling, and observe how cautiously it gropes its way, gently and deliberately inspecting with its slender and pliant tentacles each impeding object, and apparently gathering an instantaneous knowledge of the nature and composition of the opposing body. Its actions manifest all the delicate perception and judgment with which a blind man explores with his staff the ground over which he is passing. The mollusk has the advantage over the man of carrying an eye at the end of his rod. This eye, indeed, is not the complicated organ that gives such powers of vision to animals higher up in the scale of creation. It is a true eye, however, although probably not intended to discern the exact shapes of objects, yet sufficient to ascertain the presence or absence, and, possibly, in some cases, the nature, of interrupting bodies; certainly to perceive the different degrees of light and darkness. Among the members of the highest tribes of mollusks, the eye becomes more perfect and complicated in its organization. The actions of the cuttle-fishes would lead us to the inference, that these strangely-shaped and cunning creatures actually saw things as well as any of the inferior vertebrata. Among the lowest tribes, on the other hand, it is reduced into a mere light-perceiving point, a colored representative of a visual organ. In the common *Acallop*, and some allied bivalves, the eyes are placed in a very extraordinary position, being arranged in shining rows along the borders of the creature's cloak or mantle, starring the edges immediately within the margin of the shell and in front of the tender and filamentous gills; as if a man should bear a row of eyes instead of buttons upon his coat and vest, a place for them by no means inappropriate or inconvenient, if, like *acallops*, we were deprived of a head. The sense of smell is clearly possessed by slugs and snails, for fresh food, as long ago observed by Swammerdam, attracts them towards it. In what particular organ lay the faculty, was, however, a matter of dispute; and Cuvier went so far as to surmise that in these animals the whole surface of the skin might be susceptible of perceiving odors, as if the mollusks were just so many animated and independent noses. But Owen has of late years shown that in the *nautilus*, at least, there is a distinct and especially organized smelling organ; and the indefatigable naturalists who do so much honor to their town of Newcastle,* have demonstrated,

* Mr. Alder, Mr. Albany Hancock, and Dr. Embleton, all of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The researches of these gentlemen among the mollusks are among the most elaborate and admirable that have been conducted during the present century. The beautiful monograph of the British Nudi-

among sea-slugs much lower in the molluscous series, elaborately-constructed organs of smell, the true significance of which had previously been undiscovered.

Strange as it may seem, next to touch, the sense most generally distributed among shell-fish is that of hearing. The ear or hearing organ is of very curious structure. It consists of one or more hyaline capsules, each supplied with its special auditory nerve. In this little cavity or sac are contained sparry crystalline corpuscles, composed of carbonate of lime, varying in number in different species of mollusks. These minute bodies are in continual motion, vibrating backwards and forwards, rotating on their own axes, or rushing with violent motion towards the centre of their prison, whence they are as violently repelled. A careful tracing of the relations of this curious mechanism to the well-developed and unquestionable organs of hearing in higher animals, leaves no doubt respecting their functions. Indeed, it would seem that among much lower types of animal life than shell-fish belong to, the sense of hearing is manifested by similar rudimentary organs. Our knowledge of the extension of the senses among the mollusca is of very recent date; yet inquiries into this matter have not been undertaken of late years only. These creatures have been favorite subjects for the inquiries of anatomists for two centuries back. But nature seems to dole out her secrets gradually and in portions, so that we may have due time to meditate upon the significance of each fact, and be more and more impressed with the imperfections of human science, and the necessity for continued and persevering research. "In these discoveries," writes Dr. Johnston, "you have a lively example of the nicety of anatomical researches in our times. In my student days it was questioned whether any mollusks besides the cuttles had eyes; and it was agreed on all hands that they were earless and surd. Behold the change a few years have made in our knowledge of this branch of physiology!"

The volume which has furnished the text for our remarks is one of the most delightful additions to the literature of Natural History that has appeared for many years. It is charmingly written and beautifully illustrated; adapted equally to attract and retain the attention of scientific and non-scientific readers. It is full of anecdote and curious narratives of animal instinct and skill, told with judgment and that fulness of practical knowledge which alone can enable the author of a work of this kind to render his subject entertaining. It does for the natural history of molluscous animals what Kirby and Spencer's admirable "Introduction to Entomology" did for the articulate tribes. Works of this kind are sure to diffuse a sound and healthy taste for natural history studies; and the more we have of them the better, since they overcome the aversion not unjustly entertained by general readers to the extreme dryness and meagreness of most zoological treatises. To those who would say that they cannot find time for such studies, the fact of the existence of this volume is a sufficient answer; for in it we have the production, literally, of the spare minutes of a physician in active, constant, and extensive practice; a gentleman who, moreover, has taken no small share in conducting the municipal and political

business of the town to which his presence is a honor. Nor is this his only important work; his "History of British Zoophytes," is the text-book of that department of zoology throughout Europe. How many intelligent and well-educated men are there who, with comparatively abundant spare time at their disposal, plead press of business as an excuse for entire neglect of literary and scientific researches! How many idle men of good ability grow tired of living through *canui* from want of a pursuit! How many of both classes, were they to give only five minutes in the day—nay, we might almost say in the week—might substantially serve the cause of science by adding to the store of natural history facts, and thereby gather both happiness and reputation for themselves, and live in the consciousness that they are advancing the progress of knowledge!

LORD ROSSE'S DISCOVERIES.—As Professor Nichol very truly remarks, "investigation regarding such aggregations is virtually a branch of atomic and molecular inquiry," with stars in place of atoms, mighty spheres in place of "dust," "the firmament above" instead of "the firmament beneath." In fact, the astronomer, in sweeping with his telescopic eye the "blue depths of ether," is, as it were, some Liliputian inhabitant of an atom prying into the autumnal structure of some Brobdingnagian world of saw-dust, organized into spiral and other elementary forms of life, it may be, something like our own. The infinite height appears, in short, like the infinite depth, and we knowing not precisely where we stand between the two immensities of depth and height! The shapes evolved by the wonderful telescope of Lord Rosse are, many of them, absolutely fantastical; wonder and awe are mingled with almost ridiculous feelings in contemplating the strange apparitions—strange monstrosities we had almost called them—that are pictured on the background of the illustrations. One aggregation looms forth out of the darkness like the skeleton face of some tremendous mammoth, or other monstrous denizen of ancient times, with two small fiery eyes, however, gazing out of its great hollow orbits; another consists of a central nucleus, with arms of stars radiating forth in all directions, like a star-fish, or like the scattering fire-sparks of some pyrotechnic wheel revolving; a third resembles a great wisp of straw, or twist or coil of ropes; a fourth, a cork-screw, or other spiral, seen on end; a fifth, a crab; a sixth a dumb bell—many of them scroll or scrolls of some thin texture seen edgewise; and so on. It is even a suggestion of the author's that some of the spiral and armed wheels may be revolving yet in the vast ocean of space in which they are engulfed. Thus has the telescope traced the "binding" influences of the Pleiades, loosened the bands of "Orion"—erst the chief *nebulous* hazy wonders, once and for all revealing its separate stars; and thus, in brief, has this wondrous instrument "unrolled the heavens as a scroll." Yet even these astonishing results are as nothing to the fact, that those fantastic shapes which it has revealed in the depths of this *lanbo* of creation, are not shapes merely of the present time—that thousands of years have passed since the light that showed them left the starry firmaments only now revealed—that the telescope in short, in reflecting these astonishing shapes, delivers to the eye of mind turned inward on the long-stored records of a universal and eternal memory of the past, than to a mere eye of sense looking outward on the things of passing time!—*The Builder*.

branchiata, published by the Ray Society, an union of naturalists deserving of general subscription and encouragement, is the work of the two former naturalists.

PEDANTRY crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it

From the Boston Post.

Austria in 1848-49; being a History of the Late Political Movements in Vienna, Milan, Venice and Prague; with Details of the Campaigns of Lombardy and Novara; a Full Account of the Revolution in Hungary; and Historical Sketches of the Austrian Government and the Provinces of the Empire. By WILLIAM H. STILES, late Charge d'Affaires of the United States at the Court of Vienna. In Two Vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.

WITHIN our narrow limits we cannot hope to do justice to these fine volumes. What is here said must necessarily be of a very general character; but we shall accomplish something if, through these brief paragraphs, our readers be attracted to the perusal of a work which is a credit to the author and his country for its moderation and impartiality of tone in the treatment of delicate and exciting topics.

Mr. Stiles writes easily and with spirit, but his style is often slovenly, and his grammar is not always correct. These faults are to be especially regretted, as they tend to lessen the weight of the production to the mind of taste and scholarship. They might easily have been amended by a little care and a competent proof-reader.

As to essentials, the work under notice may be described as elaborate rather than complete. What the author undertook to do he has done well and in the fullest manner; but it seems to us that his conception was ill-formed, and that his pictures of Austria and Hungary should oftener present Swartzenberg and Kossuth in the foreground. Thus the volumes set forth a clear and vivid account of all the various revolts, battles, and sieges, but they contain no faithful picture of the movements behind the scenes, by which the master-spirits of the time directed their respective armies and diplomatists. We should like to have been told what Kossuth and Swartzenberg *did*, and *how* they did it, even if we had burst in ignorance of the particulars of some unimportant conflict, utterly barren of results. Mr. Stiles, in fact, has painted portions of one great picture, but his well executed fragments give no proper idea of the scope and spirit of the whole scene.

But from this little fault-finding we return, with pleasure, to the excellencies of the work.

Its chief and best characteristic is its evident endeavor to give a really impartial narrative of the revolutionary troubles of 1848, whether as regards Italy or Hungary, Charles Albert or Kossuth, Haynau or Gorgey. And, as far as we can perceive, it has been constantly successful in its endeavors. The work is very valuable for its juridical spirit in balancing circumstances, and for its well arranged facts on both sides of the question. Like the book of Mr. Bruce, also, it has a value in the evident honesty and sound judgment of the writer, entirely separate from its stores of information and its mere literary workmanship. Moreover, the author was in Vienna at the date of the events described. He heard all the stories and discussions of the day, and his official position gave him access to many original documents of importance. He knows what was *said and done at the time*, by all parties, and what was then admitted to be the truth in the best informed circles of Vienna. He is, as it were, "to the manor born," and, admitting his honesty and good judgment, we might reasonably expect to find in him an almost perfect narrator. His ac-

count of the Viennese revolutions is exceedingly graphic, and to our mind the best written and most complete, if not the most interesting, portion of the work. Of the treason of Gorgey Mr. Stiles does not present a very clear picture, and perhaps such a painting is impossible, from the very nature of the case. But from what he does say, here and there, Gorgey seems to have been a man of *no heart*, but of envy, pride and selfishness. His reputation, and not his country's, was his prime thought, and therefore he hated and envied Kossuth, and endeavored to do nothing whereby the latter's fame would be advanced, whatever injury to Hungary might result from his proceedings. He preferred to surrender of his own free will, rather than to be beaten, and without enthusiasm or patriotism he considered the cause of Hungary as utterly hopeless. But Gorgey was, by all odds, the first of the Hungarian generals. Indeed, he was the only one who exhibited symptoms of greatness, in the midst of many valuable officers and fierce warriors of the order of Bem, Klapka, and Nagy-Shandor. Gorgey, again, was scarce an ordinary traitor. He does not seem to have made anything by his wickedness, or to have ever had any compensation in his mind. But he was *rotten at heart*, and it is certain that, however hopeless might have been his country's cause, his was the hand that gave her to the smiter. Shame to him forever!

Of Kossuth himself Mr. Stiles does not speak in a way, perhaps, to gratify the feelings of the blindest worshippers of the great Hungarian. But we think he does full justice to Kossuth's character, ability, trials and sufferings, and we suspect his estimate is nearly that to which most of the world will agree, in due course of time and reflection. He does not conceal Kossuth's defects and weaknesses, nor slur over his truly great thoughts, words and actions. He does not see in him all Hungary, but he sees the master-spirit that aroused the ardor and directed the strength of his country. We cannot go into particulars, but refer to "The Character of Louis Kossuth," beginning on page 346 of volume II., as a passage of clear and sound criticism, set forth in fluent and vigorous diction.

Mr. Stiles always writes like an American, throughout his two volumes; and none, we think, can fairly charge him with a prejudice in favor of the Austrian side of the question. He does not shut his eyes to the errors of either party, and is as ready to praise a skillful movement of the Austrian as of his adversary. Both of Radetsky's Italian campaigns are well described, and another intelligent portion of the work is that relating to the separate nationalities of Hungary, Croatia, Slavonia, &c., &c. Among other things, new and old, established by these volumes, is the reckless and shameless duplicity of the Austrian cabinet, and the perfect justice of the Hungarian cause, whether in defence of the constitution of 1848, as guaranteed by Austria, or in a struggle for independence, on the abdication of their king, the Emperor of Austria. It also establishes the fact that, by means of Austrian intrigues, not a third of the population of the kingdom of Hungary cared a copper about revolution or independence. It proves, also, that Marshal Radetsky was a fine old fellow and a great general—that Haynau is one of the cruellest monsters unhung, and that the Austrian government, by its bloody murders of officers and civilians, after the surrender of Gorgey, well deserves the universal execration that it has received from the whole civilized world.

The blood runs cold and the heart grows sick in calling to mind that these horrid enormities have just been perpetrated, in this nineteenth century, by one of the oldest powers of civilized Europe; and we hold that he is NO MAN, who does not wish from his heart of hearts, that the foot of outraged and mangled humanity may one day be hard upon the neck of the Austrian!

And one thing yet more important is proved by the volumes in hand—the ability of the Hungarian people to govern itself. Of this fact there can be no mistake. The constitutional and municipal government, so long enjoyed by the Hungarians, has prepared them for a rational liberty, and it is certain that by the abolition of serfdom and the removal of all the privileges of the nobles, as well as by the articles of the constitution of 1848, presented by Hungary to Austria and granted by the Austrian Emperor—the Magyar nobility has shown itself just, magnanimous, reasonable, and practical.

But we must pause. The volumes under notice, it should be remarked, contain an accurate and interesting historical sketch of all the Austrian provinces and dependencies, showing how the various territories were acquired, and describing the various forms of government, the changes therein, &c., &c. The work is elegantly issued, with fine portraits, on steel, of the present emperor, of Metternich, Radetsky, Kossuth and the Ban Jellacic. In passing, it should be mentioned that the last, in spite of his notoriety, poetical turn and companionable qualities, is something of a humbug. He has never done anything of consequence since his elevation to the banship, but is ever making a fuss and keeping his name before the people.

As was remarked of "Brace's Austria," the present work is written by an American who was on the spot, of whose previous history and standing there are reliable data, and who is, evidently, not consumed with perfect hate or perfect love of any of the parties to the revolutions of 1848. He can use his eyes upon both Austrian and Hungarian, and does not believe the former to be all wrong and foolish, and the latter all right and wise in every possible circumstance. He stands to speak the truth, and we believe he does speak it.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

INFORMATION ABOUT NELL GWYN FROM LORD ROCHESTER'S POEMS, &c.

MR. URBAN,—The interest which has been felt in the story of Nell Gwyn, so ably narrated in your recent numbers by Mr. Peter Cunningham, induces me to submit to your readers a few additional notes, founded on quotations from the poems of Lord Rochester. I admit the objections which may be urged against the character of the witness I adduce. The acknowledged depravity of Lord Rochester, the scurrility and obscenity of much of his poetry, and the fickleness of his judgment, cause whatever he narrates, or whatever he describes, to be received with suspicion, if not with disgust. Yet so long as the works of an age are the witnesses of the moral standard of that age, it is only by their perusal that this knowledge can be acquired. So, also, as regards the lives of public characters. The sketch from the hand of a contemporary, with adequate means of information, is of far greater value than the more finished portrait drawn from the traditional or scattered records of later periods. It is in this respect that the poetry

of the Restoration and that of Lord Rochester is valuable. The indecency of Lord Rochester I shall pass without comment. To him may be applied what Mr. Macaulay has written of Wycherly: "His indecency is protected against the critic as a skunk is protected against the hunters. It is safe, because it is too filthy to handle, and too noisome even to touch." But to his poetical criticisms more lenity may be shown; his correctness in this respect argues favorably for the admission of his evidence on matters of fact, the truth of which more than most men of his day he was able to ascertain. In illustration of this, let us consider the description he has given of Dryden's facility of versification—

— his loose slattern muse

Five hundred verses every morning writ,
Prove him no more a poet than a wit.
Such scribbling authors have been seen before;
"Mustapha," the "Island Princess," forty more,
Were things perhaps composed in half an hour.

Horace's Tenth Satire Imitated.

Now these lines may be received as the mere workings of an inimical spirit. He had quarrelled with Dryden. He suspected him of being the associate of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in the "Essay on Satire," written by the latter. Dryden also was attached to Sheffield, knew of his quarrel with Rochester, and of the shameful rencontre at Knightsbridge, which had made him a butt for the shafts of Buckhurst and of Sedley. He could give point to the sarcasms at the Grecian and the Rainbow; and at Will's, sacred to polite letters, where he sat throned in state, and where to be recognized by him was an honor. The satire so heralded passed from lip to lip to Garraway's, to enliven the discourse of its usual professional frequenters, and, indeed, to every resort of a similar kind wherever a man could obtain entrance by laying down his penny at the bar. Yet, notwithstanding this, notwithstanding Rochester had been described in the Essay on Satire (in which his poetry was also bitterly ridiculed) as

Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him,

his truthful sketch of Dryden's fatal facility has been confirmed. The cause was shown by Sir Walter Scott, and the carelessness of the "loose slattern muse" has been admitted by Johnson, Hallam, and Macaulay.

Again; all biographers, even his contemporaries, admit the felicity with which he defines in one line Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset, and his poetry, as—

The best good man with the worst-natured muse;

and it is still from Rochester's sketches of Charles that his character is presented to us on the stage, or drawn, with the aid of the acuter observations of Lord Halifax, by the historian. Now, if this be so, even in cases where an unfair bias might be suspected, then we may surely receive with tolerable confidence his sketch of the life of Nell Gwyn, of whose career he could not be ignorant, and whom he did not hesitate to satirize or to praise for those qualities which every biographer has allowed.

First, as to her parents. We are indebted to Mr. Cunningham for the knowledge that she was "dawghter to Thomas Guine, a capitane of ane ancient familie in Wales," of whom little more is recorded. That his daughter in early life was exposed to the most sad depravity is known. Was

this the consequence of his neglect, or of severe misfortune? There is reason to suspect the latter. Lord Rochester, in his sketch of Nell Gwyn's character, has these lines in reference to her "piety," or rather her charity—

"T was this that raised her charity so high,
To visit those who did in durance lie;
From Oxford prisons many did she free;
There died her father, and there gloried she
In giving others life and liberty.
So pious a remembrance still she bore
E'en to the fatters that her father wore.

Panegyric on Nelly.

For what reason he was imprisoned does not appear. It is not probable she would relieve him or give others liberty, assuming the cause of the imprisonment to have been debt, much before 1665, when she was sixteen years of age and just on the stage, and, indeed, if we consider her condition, it is reasonable to infer that the event occurred at a much later period. From these lines it may be concluded that she liberated others in after life from gaol, as an offering to the memory of her father. This is one step towards the narrative of her early life.

Her mother, there is every reason to suspect, was a drunken woman, who never overcame the habits of her early associates. Lysons, in his account of Chelsea, gives an extract from the "Domestic Intelligence," of the 5th August, 1679, "that Madame Ellen Gwyn's mother, sitting lately by the water side at her house by the Neat-houses near Chelsea, fell accidentally into the water and was drowned." Now, there was at the same time a rumor that this event took place in a fish-pond. Lord Rochester tells a story that reconciles both statements. There is little doubt that, in a state of drunkenness, she fell into a ditch, near the Neat-houses, on the road to Chelsea, where she lived. For, after describing the costly display, the velvet, and funeral trappings, &c., which Nelly, with the customary wastefulness of her class, ordered at her mother's burial, he adds—

Fine gilded scutcheons did the hearse enrich,
To celebrate this *Martyr of the Ditch*;

and significantly describes the grateful libations to her memory in which the mourners indulged—

Burnt brandy did in flaming brimmers flow,
Drunk at her funeral;—while her well-pleased shade
Rejoiced, e'on in the sober fields below,
At all the drunkenness her death had made.

Now, it is not impossible for an elderly lady in the most becoming state of sobriety to fall into a ditch, a river, or a fish-pond, and be drowned. But the only comment on such an accident would be that of regret; inebriety would not be immediately cited as the cause. In Madame Gwyn's case it is clear her partiality for brandy was well known, and was immediately connected with her death. Lord Rochester's satire found its point in its truth. Of Nelly's avocation as an orange-girl under the auspices of Orange Moll in the pit of the King's Theatre we have sufficient proof. But if Lord Rochester may be received as an authority in another case, as he has been in this, she had been before not quite so poetically employed! For in the "Satire which the king took out of his pocket," we are told of—

—Madame Nelly,
Whose first employment was with open throat

To cry fresh herrings, even ten a groat!
Then was by Madame Ross exposed to town,

* * * * *
Next in the play-house she took her degree,
As men commence at university
* * * * *

There is no doubt that when this was written Rochester felt great pleasure in contrasting her former with her present condition, for the purpose of holding up the conduct of the king to scorn (if such a man could inspire passion of any kind except aversion), since he ends the contrast with—

Look back and see the people mad with rage
To see the — in such an equipage—
* * * * *

But it must be remembered that a false statement would have rendered his satire pointless, and have made it recoil like an ill-made weapon upon himself. Nor can we accept the "oranges" on his authority and reject the "herrings" without adequate disproof. Poor girl, it was only another of those bitter contrasts of life, so well described by the late Thomas Hood, in his poem of Miss Kilmansegg:

And the other sex, the tender, the fair,
What wide reverses of fate are there!
Whilst Margaret, charmed by the bulbul rare,
In a garden of gul reposes,
Poor Peggy hawks nosebags from street to street,
Till—think of that, who find life so sweet!—
She hates the smell—of roses!

Her "pretty wit," it would appear, was apt to become somewhat loquacious—

Who 'd be a monarch, and endure the prating
Of Nell—and saucy Oglethorp in waiting!

Her readiness at repartee is well known, and of this Lord Rochester has recorded an instance. The Duke of Monmouth, whose misdirected ambition stimulated his affected zeal for Protestantism, had quarrelled apparently with Nelly on account of her popularity.

The choice delight of the whole Mobile,
Scarce Monmouth's self is more beloved than she.

Yet she seems with a true woman's intuition to have detected his designs, and refused to annoy either the king or the duke, by joining in his public adulation. Monmouth could bear no rival near his throne.

Was this the cause that did their quarrel move,
That both are rivals in the people's love?
No! 't was her matchless loyalty alone
That bid Prince Perkin pack up and be gone.
"I'll bred thee art," says prince—Nell does reply,
"Was Mrs. Barlow better bred than I?"

Monmouth had well earned the title of Prince Perkin. Twice had he attempted, with the connivance of Shaftesbury, to establish a claim to legitimate descent. Twice had his father, in the most solemn manner, avowed and published his bastardy, and compelled his son to subscribe to that publication. Yet Monmouth, for faction or for ambition, would not have stopped at subornation or perjury to have given a colorable claim to his succession to the throne and the exclusion of the Duke of York. This doubtless Nell Gwyn was aware of, and opposed.

It should seem the rebuff was successful—

Then sneaked away the nephew, overcome,
By aunt-in-law's severer wit struck dumb.

It is unnecessary to quote the lines upon her character—her good qualities are admitted, her misfortunes and her faults are read with regret, or veiled by charity.

There seems among her relations to have been a cousin whose name is not given, if it relate to one.

Nor must her cousin be forgot—preferred
From many years' command in the black-guard
To be an ensign.

Whose tattered colors well do represent
His first estate in the ragged regiment.

Such, sir, are the few facts I have gathered from the poems of Lord Rochester, which appear to me to add some little to what is known, and which, although Mr. Cunningham's ability and research have exhausted the subject, may not be unamusing to your readers.

S. H.

Athenæum, October 13th.

From Chambers' Journal.

A HALF-PENNYWORTH OF NAVIGATION.

Who's for a cheap ride on what a pleasant writer calls the "silent highway?"—silent no longer, since the steamers have taken to plying above Bridge at a charge which has made the surface of the Thames, where it runs through the heart of London, populous with life, and noisy with the clash of paddles and the rush of steam, to say nothing of the incessant chorus of captains, engine-boys, and gangway-men—with their "Ease her," "Stop her," "Back her," "Turn ahead," "Turn astern," "Now, marm, with the bundle, be alive," "Heave ahead there, will you?" &c., all the day long.

Come this way, my friend; here we are opposite the Adelphi Theatre, and this is the man who used to be a black man, or else it's another, who does duty as talking finger-post, and shows you, if you are a stranger, how you are to get at the half-penny boat. Come, we must dive down this narrow lane, past the "Fox under the hill," a rather long and not very sightly, cleanly, smooth, or fragrant thoroughfare; and here, in this shed-looking office, you must pay your half-penny, which guarantees you a passage all the way to London Bridge. Look alive! as the money-taker recommends—the *Bee*, you see, is already discharging her living cargo, and others are hurrying on board. The boat won't lose time in turning round—she goes backwards and forwards as straight as a saw, and carries a rudder at her nose as well as one at her tail. Never mind these jolting planks, you haven't time to tumble down—on with you! That's it; here, on this floating-pier, manufactured from old barges, we may rest a moment, while the boat discharges her freight, and takes on board the return cargo. You see the landing-stage or pier is divided into two equal portions; the people who are leaving the boat have not yet paid their fare; they will have to disburse their coppers at the office where we paid ours, there being but one paying-place for the two termini.

'Tis a motley company, you see, which comes and goes by the half-penny boat. Here is a Temple barrister, with his red-taped brief under his arm, and at his heels follows a plasterer, and a tiler's laborer with a six-foot chimney-pot upon his shoulders. There goes a foreigner—foreigners

like to have things cheap—with a bushy black beard and a pale face, moustached and whiskered to the eyes, and puffing a volume of smoke from his invisible mouth; and there is a washer-woman, with a basket of clothes weighing a hundred weight. Yonder young fellow, with the dripping sack on his back, is staggering under a load of oysters from Billingsgate, and he has got to wash them and sell them for three a penny, and see them swallowed one at a time, before his work will be done for the day—and behind him is a comely lassie, with a monster oil-glazed sarcophagus-looking milliner's basket, carrying home a couple of bonnets to a customer. See! there is lame Jack, who sweeps the crossing in the borough, followed by a lady with her "six years' darling of a pigmy size," whom she calls "Little Poppo," both hurrying home to dinner after a morning's shopping. All these, and a hundred others of equally varied description, go off on the landing-stage, whence they will have to pay their obolus to the Charon of the Thames ere they are swallowed up in the living tide that rolls along the Strand from morn to night.

Now, if we mean to go, we had better get on board, for in another minute the deck will be covered, and we shall not find room to stand. That's right; make sure of a seat while you may! How they swarm on board, and what a choice sample they present of the mixed multitude of London! The deck is literally jammed with every variety of the pedestrian population—red-breasted soldiers from the barracks, glazed-hatted policemen from the station, Irish laborers and their wives, errand-boys with notes and packages, orange-girls with empty baskets, working-men out for a mouthful of air, and idle boys out for a "speer"—men with burdens to carry, and men with hardly a rag to cover them; unctuous Jews, jabbering Frenchmen, and drowsy-looking Germans—on they flock, squeezing through the gangway, or clambering over the bulwarks, while the little vessel rolls and lurches till the water laves the planks on which you stand. In three minutes from her arrival she has discharged her old cargo, and is crammed to overflowing with a new one. "Back, there; over-loaded already!" roars the captain. "Let go; turn ahead; go on!"—and fiz! away we go, leaving full half of the intending voyagers to wait for the next boat, which, however, will not be long in coming.

"Bless me, how we roll about from side to side!" says an anxious old lady. "Is anything the matter with the boat, that it wabbles so?"

"Only a little crank, marm; it's all right," says the person addressed.

"It's all right, of course," says another, glancing at the nervous lady, "whether we goes up or whether we goes down, so long as we gets along. The *Cricket* blowed herself up, and the *Ant* got tired of it, and laid down to rest herself at the bottom t' other day. Howasever, a steamer never blows up nor goes to the bottom but once, and, please God, 'taint goin' to be this time."

While the old lady, unsatisfied with this genuine specimen of Cockney philosophy, is vowing that if she once gets safe on shore, she will never again set foot in a half-penny boat, we are already at Waterloo Bridge. Duck goes the funnel, and we dart under the noble arch, and catch a passing view of Somerset House. The handsome structure runs away in our rear; the Chinese Junk, with its

tawdry flags, scuttles after it; we catch a momentary glimpse of the Temple Gardens, lying in the sunlight, where half-a-dozen children are playing on the grass; then comes Whitefriars, the old Alsatia, the sanctuary of blackguard ruffianism in bygone times; then there is a smell of gas, and a vision of enormous gasometers; and then down goes the funnel again, and Blackfriars Bridge jumps over us. On we go, now at the top of our speed, past the dingy brick warehouses that lie under the shadow of St. Paul's, whose black dome looks down upon us as we scud along. Then Southwark Bridge, with its Cyclopean masses of gloomy metal, disdains to return the slightest response to the fussy splashing we make, as we shoot impudently through. Then come more wharves and warehouses, as we glide past, while our pace slackens, and we stop gently within a stone's-throw of London Bridge, at Dyers' Hall, where we are bundled out of the boat with as little ceremony as we were bundled in, and with as little, indeed, as it has ever been the custom to use since ceremony was invented—which, in matters of business, is a very useless thing.

And now, my friend you have accomplished a half-penny voyage; and, without being a conjurer, you can see how it is that this cheap navigation is so much encouraged. In the first place, it is cheaper than shoe-leather, leaving fatigue out of the question; it saves a good two miles of walking, and that is no trifle, especially under a heavy burden, or in slippery weather. In the second place, it may be said to be often cheaper than dirt, seeing that the soil and injury to clothing which it saves by avoiding a two miles' scamper through the muddy ways, would damage the purse of a decent man more than would the cost of several journeys. These are considerations which the humbler classes appreciate, and, therefore, they flock to the cheap boats, and spend their half pence to save their pence and their time. This latter consideration of time-saving it is that brings another class of customers to the boats. In order that it may be remunerative to the projectors, every passage must be made with a regular and undeviating rapidity; and this very necessity becomes in its turn a source of profit, because it is a recommendation to a better class of business men and commercial agents, to whom a saving of time is daily a matter of the utmost importance. Hence the motley mixture of all ranks and orders that crowd the deck.

Besides these half-penny boats, there are others which run at double and quadruple fares; but they carry a different class of passengers, and run greater distances, stopping at intermediate stations. They are all remunerative speculations; and they may be said to have created the traffic by which they thrive. They have driven the watermen's wherries off the river almost as effectually as the railways have driven the stage-coaches from the road; but, like them, they have multiplied the passengers by the thousand, and have awakened the public to a new sense of the value of the river as a means of transit from place to place. The demand for safe, cheap, and speedy conveyance to and from all parts of the river between London Bridge and Battersea, and beyond, is becoming daily more urgent; and we hear that it will shortly be met by the launching of a fleet of steam gondolas constructed on an improved principle, combining accommodation for enlarged numbers, with appliances calculated to insure at once security and speed.

THANKSGIVING FOR DEPARTED SAINTS.

BEFORE THE COMMUNION.

We also bless thy holy name for all thy servants departed this life in thy faith and fear.—*Prayer for Christ's Church Militant*

We bless Thee for thy sainted ones, O God!

Who in thy faith and fear have calmly slept—
Those who, long ages since, life's pathway trod,
And those o'er whose low graves ourselves have
wept.

For high and low, for rich and poor—for all,
One solemn, glad thanksgiving we would raise;
They in thy presence mercies past recall,
From earth our voices mingle with their praise.

Oh, sweet and fitting tribute, ere we kneel
To take the sacred symbols of thy death,
And in that bread and wine receive the seal
Of blessings granted to the prayer of faith!
It was thy death which took away the sting
They else had felt in dying—and 't is meet,
Remembering thy sacrifice, to bring
Our thanksgiving for them, before the mercy-seat.

We bless Thee for thy sainted ones—for grace,
And strength, and succor given to all their need,
For every footstep which hath left its trace
In the strait path, where thou dost safely lead.
O Thou, the Resurrection and the Life,
We bless Thee for the radiant star which shone,
To guide them from these scenes of mortal strife,
To the bright land, where thou thyself hast gone.

We bless Thee, for thine arms of love have been
Around thy dying ones in every age—
Those whose fair bloom was nipped when leaves
were green,

And aged men bowed with the tempest's rage;
We bless Thee, and take courage—thou wilt guide,
Strengthen and guard us too. Safe in thy care,
In life or death, henceforth we would abide,
And rise at last with them, to meet Thee in the
air.

From the Tribune.

TO GIULIA, SINGING.

SING me the song again, and yet again

Waken the music as it dies away;

Make twilight sadder with it, nor refrain

While yet these sighing winds bemoan the day.

Still let that wavering voice

Make my young heart rejoice.

Even though one truant tear adown my cheek may
stray.

Cease not thy singing, dearest, for mine eyes

Feed on thy beauty, and I hear the song

As one who looking on the sunset skies

Hears over flowery meads the south winds blow,
And down the purple hills the flashing waters flow.

An idle song; I cannot tell the meaning,

Yet sing it o'er and o'er, for in its wings

It bringeth heavenly things:

Dear memories of melodious hours

When all earth's weeds were flowers;

Dear memories of the loved ones far away

Whom yet we hope to greet some happy day;

Dear memories of the travellers from Life's shore,

Whom we shall greet again, ah! nevermore!

Cease, lady! Sing some song that brings again

The golden past, meet for this sunset hour;

Some breath of melody not fraught with pain,

Some gayly tinted flower!

Let thy fair hand float over the willing keys,

And all my sorrows ease.

CLARETTE COOK.

May, 1852.

THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

LETTER OF THE CHINAMEN TO HIS EXCELLENCY,
GOV. BIGLER.

San Francisco, Thursday, April 29, 1852.

SIR:—The Chinamen have learned with sorrow that you have published a letter against them. Although we are Asiatics, some of us have been educated in American schools and have learned your language, which has enabled us to read your message in the newspapers for ourselves, and to explain it to the rest of our countrymen. We have all thought a great deal about it, and, after consultation with one another, we have determined to write you as decent and respectful a letter as we could, pointing out to your Excellency some of the errors you have fallen into about us.

When you speak of the laws of your own country, we shall not presume to contradict you. In ours, all great men are learned men, and a man's rank is just according to his education. Keying, who made the treaty with Mr. Cushing, was not only a cousin of the emperor, but one of the most learned men in the empire; otherwise he would not have been Governor of Canton. Just so, we doubt not, it is in California and other enlightened countries. But it will not be making little of your attainments to suppose that you do not know as much about our people as you do of your own.

You speak of the Chinamen as "Coolies," and in one sense the word is applicable to a great many of them; but not in that in which you seem to use it. "Cooly" is not a Chinese word; it has been imported into China from foreign parts, as it has been into this country. What its original signification was, we do not know; but with us it means a common laborer, and nothing more. We have never known it used among us as a designation of a class, such as you have in view—persons bound to labor under contracts which they can be forcibly compelled to comply with. The Irishmen who are engaged in digging down your hills, the men who unload ships, who clean your streets, or even drive your drays, would, if they were in China, be considered "Coolies;" tradesmen, mechanics of every kind, and professional men would not. If you mean by "Coolies," laborers, many of our countrymen in the mines are "Coolies," and many again are not. There are among them tradesmen, mechanics, gentry, (being persons of respectability and who enjoy a certain rank and privilege,) and schoolmasters, who are reckoned with the gentry, and with us considered a respectable class of people. None are "Coolies," if by that word you mean bound men or contract slaves.

The ship *Challenge*, of which you speak in your message as bringing over more than five hundred Chinamen, did not bring over one who was under "Cooly" contract to labor. Hab-wa, who came in her as agent for the charterers, one of the signers of this letter, states to your Excellency that they were all passengers, and are going to work in the mines for themselves.

As to our countrymen coming over here to labor for \$3 or \$4 per month wages, it is unreasonable on the face of it, and it is not true. That strong affection which they have for their own country, which induces them to return with the gold they dig, as you say, would prevent them from leaving their homes for wages so little, if at all, better than they could get there. The Chinamen are indeed remarkable for their love of their country in a domestic way. They gather together in clans,

in districts and neighborhoods, and in some villages there are thousands and thousands of the same surname, flocking around the original family home. They honor their parents and age generally with a respect like religion, and have the deepest anxiety to provide for their descendants. To honor his parents is the great duty of the son. A Chinese proverb runs somewhat in this way: "In the morning, when you rise, inquire after your parents' health, at midday be not far from them, and in the evening comfort them when they go to rest; this it is to be a pious son." With such feelings as these, it is to be expected that they will return with their gains to their homes, but it is foolish to believe they will leave them for trifling inducements.

To the same cause you must look for the reason why there are no Chinese drunkards in your streets, nor convicts in your prisons, madmen in your hospitals, or others who are a charge to your State. They live orderly, work hard, and take care of themselves, that they may have the means of providing for their homes and living amidst their families. The other matter which you allude to, their leaving their families in pledge as security for the performance of their contract, is still more inconsistent with their character, and absurd. Have you ever inquired what the holder of such a pledge could do with them? If he used any force towards them, he would be guilty of an offence, and be punished by the laws, just as in any other country; and if he treated them well, they would only be a burden and an additional expense to him. Sometimes very rich persons, who have poor men in their employment at home or abroad, support their families through charity, particularly if they are relatives. Sometimes they bind themselves to do it by their contracts, but this gives them no power over them as hostages or pledges.

We will tell you how it is that the Chinese poor come to California. Some have borrowed the small amount necessary, to be returned with unusual interest, on account of the risk; some have been furnished with money without interest by their friends and relations, and some, again, but much the smaller portion, have received advances in money, to be returned out of the profits of the adventure. The usual apportionment of the profits is about three-tenths to the lender of the money, and rarely, if ever, any more. These arrangements made at home, seldom bring them further than San Francisco, and here the Chinese traders furnish them the means of getting to the mines. A great deal of money is thus lent at a nominal or very low interest, which, to the credit of our countrymen, we are able to say is almost invariably faithfully repaid. The poor Chinaman does not come here as a slave. He comes because of his desire for independence, and he is assisted by the charity of his countrymen, which they bestow on him safely, because he is industrious and honestly repays them. When he gets to the mines he sets to work with patience, industry, temperance and economy. He gives no man any offence, and he is contented with small gains, perhaps only two or three dollars per day. His living costs him something, and he is well pleased if he saves up three or four hundred dollars a year. Like all other nations, and as is particularly to be expected of them, many return home with their money, there to remain, buy rice fields, build houses, and devote themselves to the society of their own households and the increase of the products of their country.

of its exports and imports, of its commerce and the general wealth of the world. But not all; others—full as many as of other nations—invest their gains in merchandise, and bring it into the country and sell it at your markets. It is possible, sir, that you may not be aware how great this trade is, and how rapidly it is increasing, and how many are now returning to California as merchants who came over originally as miners. We are not able to tell you how much has been paid by Chinese importers at the Custom House, but the sum must be very large. In this city alone there are twenty stores kept by Chinamen, who own the lots and erected the buildings themselves. In these stores a great deal of business is done; all kinds of Chinese goods—rice, silks, sugar, tea, &c.—are sold in them, and also a great quantity of American goods, especially boots, of which every Chinaman buys one or more pairs immediately on landing. And then there are the American stores dealing in Chinese articles on a very large scale, and some with the most remarkable success. The emigration of the "Coolies," as your Excellency rather mistakenly calls us, is attended with the opening of all this Chinese trade, which, if it produces the same results here as elsewhere, will yet be the pride and riches of this city and State. One of the subscribers of this letter is now employed as a clerk in an American store, because of the services he can render them as a broker in business with his countrymen; he has sometimes sold \$10,000 a day of Chinese goods. Chy Lung, who arrived a few days since with some \$10,000 in China goods, has sold out, and returns for another cargo, in the *Challenge*. Fei-Chaong, who brought in a cargo about a month ago, has sold out, and also returns in the *Challenge*. So does the partner of Sam wa of this city, Tuk-Shaong, for the same purpose—for more than a year he has been continually importing and selling cargoes. A great many others send for goods by the *Challenge*, and all the other ships, which you speak of as being expected, will bring cargoes of Chinese goods as well as Chinamen. Nor does this by any means give you a full idea of the trade of the Chinamen. They not only freight your ships, but they have bought many of them, and will buy more; and as to the freighting of ships, it may be worthy of your attention to know, that such is our preference for your countrymen, that we employ your ships in preference to any others, even when we could get them cheaper. When a ship arrives, everybody sees how actively and profitably your drays, steamboats, wagons, &c., are employed by us. Some of us read in the papers the other day that the Government of the United States were going to send ships to Japan, to open that country to American trade. That is what we supposed your country wished with China as well as other countries, but it cannot all be on one side, and it is plain that the more advantages we get from your country, the faster you will get the benefits of our trade. The gold we have been allowed to dig in your mines is what has made the China trade grow up so fast, like everything else in this country. If you want to check immigration from Asia, you will have to do it by checking Asiatic commerce, which we supposed, from all that we have ever known of your government, the United States most desired to increase.

What your Excellency has said about passing a law to prevent Coolies, shipped to California under contracts, from laboring in the mines. We do not

conceive concerns us, for there are none such here from China, nor do we believe any are coming, except a small number, perhaps, who work on shares, as we have before explained, just as people from all other countries sometimes do. We will not believe it is your intention to pass a law treating us as Coolies whether we are so or not. You say there is no treaty provision for the manner in which Chinese emigrants shall be treated, and that the Chinese government would have no right to complain of any law excluding us from the country, by taxation or otherwise. This may be true of the government, but it would certainly alienate the present remarkably friendly feelings of the Chinese people, and in many ways interfere with the full enjoyments of the commercial privileges guaranteed to the Americans by the treaty of Wang-Hiya.

In what we here say we have most carefully told your Excellency the truth; but we fear you will not believe us, because you have spoken in your message of us as Asiatics, "ignorant of the solemn character of the oath or affirmation in the form prescribed in the Constitution and statutes," or "indifferent to the solemn obligation to speak the truth which an oath imposes." It is truth, nevertheless, and we leave it to time and the proof which our words carry in them to satisfy you of the fact. It has grieved us that you should publish so bad a character of us, and we wish that you could change your opinion and speak well of us to the public. We do not deny that many Chinamen tell lies, and so do many Americans, even in courts of justice. But we have our courts, too, and our forms of oaths, which are as sacredly respected by our countrymen as other nations respect theirs. We do not swear upon so many little occasions as you do, and our forms will seem as ridiculous to you as yours do to us when we first see them. You will smile when we tell you that on ordinary occasions an oath is attested by burning a piece of yellow paper, and on the more important ones by cutting off the head of a cock; yet these are only forms, and cannot be of great importance, we would think. But in the important matters we are good men; we honor our parents; we take care of our children; we are industrious and peaceable; we trade much; we are trusted for small and large sums; we pay our debts and are honest; and, of course, must tell the truth. Good men cannot tell lies and be ignorant of the difference between right and wrong. We do not think much about your politics, but we believe you are mistaken in supposing no Chinaman has ever yet applied to be naturalized, or has acquired a domicile in the United States except here. There is a Chinaman now in San Francisco who is said to be a naturalized citizen, and to have a free white American wife. He wears the American dress, and is considered a man of respectability. And there are, or were lately, we are informed, Chinamen residing in Boston, New York, and New Orleans. If the privileges of your laws are open to us, some of us will, doubtless, acquire your habits, your language, your ideas, your feelings, your morals, your forms, and become citizens of your country;—many have already adopted your religion in their own;—and we will be good citizens. There are very good Chinamen now in the country, and a better class, will, if allowed, come hereafter—men of learning and of wealth, bringing their families with them.

In concluding this letter, we will only beg your

Excellency not to be too hasty with us, to find us out and know us well, and then we are certain you will not command your Legislature to make laws driving us out of your country. Let us stay here—the Americans are doing good to us, and we will do good to them.

Your most humble servants,

HAB WA, SAM WO & CO.
LONG ACHICK, TON WO & CO.

For the Chinamen in California.

From the New York Times.

CHINA-MEN IN AMERICA.

CHINA and the Chinese seem to be looming up every day into additional magnitude and consequence in the eyes of the nations. The edicts that shut them off from all communication with the rest of the world are gradually relaxing. By the exclusion of strangers from their empire they have hitherto remained a secret from mankind. The interior of the Flowery Land was penetrable only in disguise. We were in ignorance of their people, laws, customs and habits, except as the knowledge was scantily gleaned from the visits of our merchants to a few points on the coast. We knew them only by their tea-boxes, covered with inscrutable hieroglyphics, and filled with the enlivening leaf, or their porcelain, bearing the most exquisite golden tracery. But we were introduced by British cannon. The stringent restrictions against foreigners have been since giving away. The outside barbarians now trade more freely at her ports; the great wall itself has become surmountable; they are beginning to appreciate the people of other countries, and the venerable doctrines of Confucius are obliged to sustain themselves against the assaults of other creeds.

But an unexpected event tends, and will tend, more than any other, to draw this mysterious people from their shell. Hitherto they could only be reached by most protracted voyages. Long days, and weeks, and months, were necessary to effect communication between them and Europe or America. They were far removed from civilization. Inaccessible by land, except by the solitary traveller, and, if he reached so far, the Chinese wall presented a barrier to his steps. Commerce could only touch them from the sea. It could reach their ports from Europe or America, only by the tedious and perilous journey around one or the other of those continental continuations that stretch towards the pole. The doubling of Cape Horn or Good Hope was inevitable.

But, suddenly, a nation wakes up in the Eastern border of the Pacific. A metallic soil draws thither the surplus hosts of the world; and, as by magic, a populous, active, and most enterprising nation inhabits and decks with villages the desert fields. Between this people and the swarms of China extend the calm, unruffled floods of the Pacific. The surge of the same ocean rolls in on the beach of China and California. They are separated but by a few days of time—months are almost crowded into days. A continuous and propelling breeze bears the unchanged canvas from Canton to San Francisco. Fleets are organized, whose prows may never part other than Pacific waters. The Capes may push their solitary juts into the Southern Sea, in vain. They can no longer obstruct the approach to China, or put the embargo of delay upon her commerce. The enticement is too great for Chinese exclusiveness.

Ancient laws, customs, and prejudices are swallowed in the excitement of the new time. Chinese gongs no longer confine their hideous roaring to Chinese soil, but American hotels are filled with the sounding monsters, and only justify their noise by the repasts to which they so thunderously invite. Chop-sticks ply under the American Constitution. Birds' nests, sharks' fins, and trepangs adorn our bills of fare. Cargoes of Chinamen cover the waters of the Californian port. Soon they are found, working side by side with the emigrants of other countries, in the mines, and their almond eyes glisten at the sparklets their delicate fingers busily pick up from the earth. America and China begin to mingle and socialize. Mandarin robes glide over republican pavements. The territorial scenery of California is animated by throngs of "Celestial" visitants. Their industry, temperance, and economy, have aroused the jealousy of the Yankee miner. He finds it necessary to add other hours to his labor, or the Chinese leave him behind. In these new comers, the criminal law finds nothing to take hold of. None of them are swung from trees by Vigilance Committees. None of them look through the diamonds of the jails. The public tax is not increased for their support. They do not take both sides of the walk as they go through the streets. They are natural supporters of the Maine Law. The Chinese emigration does not increase the tenants of prison, hospital, or insane asylum. But each man works, economizes, and augments his shining heap. Less earnest or more spendthrift miners look askance at these diligent workers and their increasing stores of golden flakes. A jealous feeling spreads through the placers, and rolls on, with added force, till it reaches the governor, and from the gubernatorial pen issues a proclamation of most anti-democratic tendency. According to Governor Bigler's interpretation of our institutions, America is no longer an asylum for all. The Celestials are an exception. All other nations may freely come and freely work. Irish, Scotch, and English—French, German, and Italian—the Dane, the Swede, the Pole—the Indian, Mexican, and Spaniard—even the Sandwich Islander, the Patagonian, and Terra del Fuegian—may rock their mud-filled cradles in search for gold. But the Chinaman is not known to the Constitution. He is not of the right color. True, he is not so dark as the African, less tawny than the Indian, not so white as the Canadian, and, although his cutaneous tints are, to the common eye, almost identical with the Mexican, yet the artistic optics of Governor Bigler decry a difference—a shade too much, or too little, of yellow ochre in the compound. The governor finds "a skin not colored like his own," and straightway denounces it as an unconstitutional skin, and dooms its hapless owner to an ineligibility to dig.

But though the Chinese may not be permitted, under the stripes and stars, to work, they can, it seems, write, reason, print, and answer proclamations; and lo! an anomaly in American newspapers, *Hab wa*, *Long achick*, and *Sam* and *Ton wo*, representing their countrymen in California, boldly meet the governor face to face. They turn his arguments against him—prove his premises erroneous, his conclusions illogical, and altogether effect as complete a demolition as ever governor suffered. Those Oriental pens are sharp-nibbed. The Chinaman is as dangerous a competitor in argument as in gold-hunting. He wields

a pick and a quill with equal dexterity. Bigler has evidently mistaken his man, or he would not have aroused these slumbering powers of ratiocination. This letter to his excellency is an extraordinary production. No other equal number of lines, recently published, starts so many suggestions. If this is a sample of what may be found hidden under the mystic cipher in which the Celestial literature is recorded, let us have speedy translations.

Are we not accomplishing, by this very California process, what all commercial nations have been always anxious for—nay, what England fitted out her formidable armaments to achieve—what we are even now sending forth, to the joy of the world, an expedition to execute with the neighboring isles of Japan—to wit, commercial intercourse, free and unrestricted trade with the swarming legions of China? When English cannon opened the Chinese port, with what avidity did all the nations wish to avail themselves of the new market! America paid her charges on tea with her own manufactures, instead, as formerly, with bills on London. She completed, in one respect at least, a more advantageous treaty than England herself. The treaty-making power was greedy to deal with China, notwithstanding the color of her people. There was no constitutional objection to that. Bigler had not yet been foisted into power. Belgian ladies' cloth sought entrance, under English disguise, into Chinese markets. Russia poured her goods from the north into Chusan and Hongkong, and almost cut off the woollen trade of the English. French and Swiss chintzes bent the Chinese shelves. The instincts of commerce proved the value and importance of the trade with China. She counts her population by hundreds of millions. Commercial intercourse with such a people is a prize that a nation may well strive after and fight for. And here, without battle or effort, by the natural current of events, we have this Oriental traffic thrown into our own hands. Chinese merchants leave their homes, and bring their rich argosies to San Francisco. One Celestial clerk, in an American store, has sometimes footed up his daily sales of Chinese goods at ten thousand dollars. *Chy Lung, Foy Chaong, Sam Wa, and Tuk Shaong*, can, respectively, no sooner get a cargo of Chinese articles on their shelves, than they are purchased, and the adventurous merchants are sent back to their native shores for fresh supplies. They give employment to all those whose service is necessary in the details of commercial business—ships, steamboats, sailors, stevedores, carmen, stores. No one can estimate the importance of the trade that is now opening between these two great countries. The imagination would fall, with wearied wings, ere it could reach the results, in this regard, of the next twenty years. Within half that time a railroad and telegraph may unite New York and San Francisco, bringing us in direct communication with China herself. Boxes of delicious Oolong may make their fleet transit, within a fortnight's space, from Shanghai to New York. Yet Governor Bigler would borrow an idea from the Chinese of two thousand years ago, and erect a formidable wall between us and them. Surely there can be no room for diversity of sentiment on this subject. Let us take the goods the gods provide us, and gratefully acknowledge the wisdom of that Providence which so easily and naturally accomplishes what man might have labored for ages in vain to achieve.

[We copy from the N. Y. Evening Post the following article, principally by Mr. Putnam; a publisher who has always so conducted his business as to raise the public taste, and who, in all his dealings, has the character of liberality and uprightness.]

THE COMMERCE OF LITERATURE.

THERE is an article under this title, in the last *Westminster Review*, which gives a great many interesting facts in regard to the book-trade in England, but the writer of it, in maintaining his cause against the combination of monopolist book-sellers, falls into several errors in regard to our American book-sellers. One of these is noticed in the following remarks by Mr. G. P. Putnam of this city, who, it seems to us, places the whole subject in a proper light:

An article in the *Westminster Review* for April, on the "Commerce of Literature," refers to a volume, of which I am the compiler and publisher, in terms which I consider unwarrantable and uncalled for. The following note, in substance, has been addressed to the publisher of the *Review*. If you deem it of any more than mere private interest, perhaps you will be kind enough to give it a corner. I am reluctant to intrude on you with anything like a personal matter, but the principle involved in it is of public interest, and if the impression created by the *Review* in regard to this volume was really well founded, I admit that the censure it implies would certainly be well deserved. It is natural that I should wish to show that it is not so.

"I must protest against the reference in the *Review* to the 'World's Progress,' because it is unjust, and founded on an essential mistake. The reviewer intimates that I had misused Haydn's book by erasing some matter at the beginning and end, substituting some other selected matter, and disguising the whole by a new title. This is untrue. In the first place, my own book was first published in 1832, six or eight years before Haydn's. I was engaged diligently and faithfully for no less than three years, at intervals, upon the tables at the beginning and end of my book, nearly every page of which was compiled by myself from many original sources, and carefully copied two or three times in manuscript. And these tables (which form the important feature of the volume) are referred to by the reviewer as 'selected,' or thrust in to disguise Mr. Haydn's work! I might, with equal propriety, assume that the plan of Mr. Haydn's work was copied from mine, as mine had several years' priority.

"It is true that, in the new edition of my book, I have copied largely from his very valuable compilation; and I have stated so, fully and frankly, in the preface. I may have been wrong in not giving Mr. Haydn's name more prominence—but I had no intention to disguise an iota of the credit which was justly his due. It is, of course, self-evident, that any volume of this kind must necessarily be a compilation. Historical facts are public property, and originality can only be claimed for the modes of arranging and presenting them. The usefulness of such compilations as those in question must depend a good deal upon their being adapted to their intended meridian, and not encumbered too much with local details which belong especially to other countries. The question in this case is simply whether my book is a disguised reprint of Haydn's, or whether it is an original compilation, with a distinctive plan and character, in which no unusual or unacknowledged use has been made of other works. I am quite content that this should be decided by any one who will take the trouble to examine and compare the two books in question. Of course, it was never intended that the 'World's

Progress' should be sold in London. Not a copy was ever sent there with my knowledge."

I need only add to the above the following extract from a letter of Mr. Chapman, the publisher of the *Review*, and the (supposed) writer of the article referred to:

"If the tone of that part of the article which refers to Haydn's book be rather sharp in reference to the American reprinter, I need hardly say that was owing to the necessity of so representing the case as to show the peculiar hardship to which the importer was subjected. You will at once see this; and any further apology for it is, I trust, unnecessary, as it was certainly unnecessary on your part, either for the use you made of Haydn's book, (which, under the present recognized system, was perfectly fair and honorable,) or for the mistake of sending it here, [which I had shown was not done by me or at my suggestion.] Moxon, in professing to vindicate honor, has acted the only dishonorable part in it, and I have made him feel so, in addition to the wholesome castigation inflicted by your letter. I trust, in future, courtesy will step in to prevent such unseemly proceedings. * *

"Yours truly, J. C."

The above letter was received here before I had seen the *Review*, and of course before I had made any complaint about the article.

The allusion of the *Review* to the "*Home Cyclopaedia*," I leave to the editors of that work, as they best know the facts.

That the volumes of that work contain English "copy-right matter," is undisputed, and for this reason it was never expected for a moment that even a copy of them would be sold in England; but it is also true, as you are aware, that these are *original compilations*, quite different from any one English work.

The practice of copying American books, either entire or in detachments, without any acknowledgment whatever, and even with positive disguises, has been so long common in England, that a reference to it would not have been amiss in this "*Westminster*" article; but on that point it is silent. I do not say this to offset or excuse one wrong by another, but, so far as my knowledge goes, this practice has not found many imitators on this side. In the absence of international law, foreign works are *freely* claimed by publishers on both sides; and in the relative proportion of reprints, the London publishers appear to be rapidly gaining on the Americans. Of the cheap *serials* now published in England, I believe fully one half are American works reprinted without copy-right.

As a matter of policy, as well as of courtesy, if not equity, I, for one, have always wished and still wish to see a proper international arrangement: and I believe it would be better for all parties if we could have such a one as would secure to both English and American authors a suitable return for the sale of their works in both countries. I am willing to do anything in reason to promote this object. If our rulers still refuse to sanction such a protection, is it to be expected that foreign books should be held in abeyance and not reprinted at all? G. P. P.

As we happen to know something of the works here referred to, we will say that these *Home Cyclopaedias*, though professedly compilations, are yet not merely reprints of the English works on which they are founded. Taking these foreign works as a basis simply, the editors have recast the matter, enlarging and improving it, and have furnished so much additional matter, that they are substantially new works. Any one who will compare the English models and the American copies will see at once the immeasurable superiority of the latter.

That these contain some extracts or passages copy-righted in England may be true, but it is also

true that the English editions contain articles copy-righted here, and the circulation of the latter here could be prohibited on the same grounds that the circulation of the former is prohibited in England. But the truth is, that these disputes of the publishers will never be settled until some international law of copy-right has been recognized by both the United States and England.

From the Examiner, 22d May.

THE NEW ANTAGONISM IN EUROPE.

It would be strange were a war to be kindled in Europe between two despotic, yet antagonistic, principles of government. The thing appears incredible, yet there are some strong symptoms and preludes to it. These two principles are, the one of them divine hereditary right, the other the right by universal suffrage. What divine right means, what it pretends to, and how it wields its power, we know pretty well. But until lately the world was totally ignorant of the purposes to which universal suffrage might be turned, and the character it might assume. Hitherto one had no example or experience of it save in the United States. The experiment has now been tried in older countries. And the result is, that an executive chosen by universal suffrage may differ in spirit, aim, and interest, from a legislature chosen by the same universal suffrage; and that, the one having the same basis as the other, but a more concentrated and personal right, can in difficult times aim at and establish a permanent dictatorship, to which universal suffrage can be got, in perplexity, in terror, or in ignorance, to lend its sanction. In other words, universal suffrage has become for the first time known to the world as a despotic principle.

It happens, however, fortunately for the future freedom of mankind, that this new and formidable despotic principle is not found to ally or harmonize with the old despotic principle of hereditary right. Could they but agree they have only to divide Europe between them. But there is antagonism. Louis Napoleon, although as absolute as the czar, and militarily absolute like him, is still not accepted by the czar as a brother. There is a dread, a mistrust, a repugnance. Louis Napoleon, elected by the French people, is, although keeping down the French people, still suspected of being the agent and the representative of French popular interests and national prejudices. The French, when free, had the pretension of liberalizing, emancipating, and dominating Europe; and though M. Bonaparte has contracted their freedom, and choked the expression of their sentiments, he still can live and reign but by the adhesion of the popular and military masses. For he has no grace of God to fall back upon. Therefore the czar repudiates him. It is not merely because M. Bonaparte is likely to give reins to military ambition, and to be driven to disturb the peace of Europe for the selfish purpose of acquiring name, fame, and a soldier's following, that Russia holds aloof from him. But it is considered that the French Autocrat's reign is the embodiment of that predominance of the lower and uneducated classes over the higher and educated ones, which is the great French revolutionary principle. The Maupas, the Abbatucci, and the Persignys, now rule in the place of the Molés, the Guizots, and the Thierses. The popular instinct is in the cabinet, an instinct

not the less dangerous for wielding a despotic sceptre. The Russian court, therefore, forbidding M. Kisselef to appear at the recent fêtes of the French President, and protesting against any assumption of the imperial crown, sends its princes to compliment the Count de Chambord, and to treat the pretender to the crown of France with royal honors. Some diplomatic complaint is made of this from Paris; and the heir to the Russian throne, who had thus honored the Bourbon heir to the French one, is compelled to abandon his project of visiting Rome whilst in the occupation of a French army.

Previous to this, it had been the cue and the habit of the French Legitimists to support the president, as at least a *de facto* ruler, and as one who had not ill deserved of the ultra-monarchists. The relations of Louis Napoleon and the great legitimists had been those of coquetry, affection, and mutual respect. Whilst Orleanist and republican plotters were proscribed and exiled without mercy, M. Berryer was allowed to say what he pleased. The legitimist journals were not suppressed or persecuted, whilst Orleanist prints and writers were. This now has ceased. The Count de Chambord has issued his decree that no French royalist shall take the oaths of fidelity to the president even for his ten years of presidential rule. The Bourbon prince denounces universal suffrage, to which at one time he himself, the pretender, had promised to appeal. The schism between Legitimacy and Imperialism is complete.

It is worthy of remark, that neither Russia nor the Bourbon made this move until they had made sure of Austria. Of its adhesion they were by no means certain in the days of Prince Schwarzenberg, who hated England and constitutional government and Prussia so much, that he was ready to ally with any principle or prince of military despotism that would serve as instruments to annoy or destroy them. Fortune has now taken the young and flexible Austrian emperor from out the hands of Schwarzenberg, and placed him in the hands of Nicholas. And thus the bonds of the Holy Alliance are once more re-knit.

No one can regret that there has sprung up a counterpoise and a barrier to the ambition of Louis Napoleon. But at the same time it cannot but create anxiety and regret to see the despotic and reactionary party growing more bigoted, rather than more liberal, by the passage of years. In 1815 the absolute powers and courts of Europe, though repudiating constitutional government for themselves, did not proscribe it altogether. It was admitted in Poland and in Germany, and thought necessary in France. But now it is to be doubted if the Count de Chambord would *octroy* any constitution, or be inclined to grant much more ample liberties than what seem to content the French under Louis Napoleon. The belief that prevails in those councils generally, is, that Europe, in fact, has ceased to believe in constitutional government. Great court statesmen deem themselves entitled to pronounce, that the experiment has failed everywhere save in England, and ought not to be tried and repeated elsewhere. So we see constitutional systems destroyed, and for no reason whatever, in Prussia and in Spain.

But this sweeping away of middle class liberties, institutions, influence, and ideas, does but leave the two great extremes of society, democracy and absolutism, in power. It is universal suffrage on one side, divine right on the other. It is the old

antagonism of Eastern and Western Europe, marshalling against, and menacing, each other. Such is the new phase, the new aspect of affairs in Europe. It is pleasing to think how disinterested we are in such a quarrel. Repudiating alike the despotism based on hereditary right, and that raised upon universal and military suffrage, we can but rejoice, without joining, in their antagonism. We care not which gains the ascendancy; but merely hope that in the collision of the two great *incubi*, the two principles and powers that oppress Europe, the force of both may be broken, so that the constitutional principle may once more raise its head betwixt and despite of them, and give the enlightened and the middle class once more their ascendancy over selfish and blind extremes.

From the Morning Chronicle, 23th May

HIGH PRICE OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

WITHIN the last two or three weeks, the Three per cent. Consols have more than once reached *par*—a fact which is naturally regarded with considerable interest. This is not, indeed, without precedents, some of which are comparatively recent; but those who are acquainted with the history and science of finance must be aware that the events and influences which, from time to time, have caused consols to rise to such a point, have, on each occasion, been marked by some peculiarity. In 1739, the three per cents stood at 107; and this extraordinary price was mainly attributable to the rapidly increasing wealth of the commercial classes—to the progressive extension of the system of banking—and to the comparatively limited amount of the funded debt itself. The country was, at that period, eminently prosperous, and its finances were in so flourishing a condition that, even in time of war, it was not found necessary to borrow, as the current income of each year was sufficient for all the exigencies of the state. The Rebellion of 1745 reduced the three per cents to 76; but so speedily and completely did the nation recover from that shock, that, in 1749, they were again at *par*. The government then found itself enabled, from the favorable condition of the finances and trade of the nation, to convert the four per cents into threes, and thus to lay the foundation of that vast item of the public debt which, under the name of consols, has come to be regarded almost as one of the institutions of the country. Nearly a century passed before the three per cents again attained so high a price. In April, 1844, *par* was reached a third time, and it was maintained, though not materially exceeded, until June, 1845. During the seven years which have since elapsed, great changes have taken place; and among not the least significant is the fact that, under the pressure of the commercial crisis of 1847, the price of consols fell below 80.

The high quotations of the funds in 1843 and 1844 have been generally attributed to the unfavorable circumstances under which the commerce and industry of the country had been carried on during the four or five previous years. Capitals of considerable magnitude had been withdrawn from trade, and sought employment, temporarily or permanently, in purchases of stock; and, as the natural effect of this unusual pressure of buyers was aided by the disappearance of embarrassments which had long created much anxiety and distrust in the public mind, we may readily account for the price which the three per cents attained in

the course of 1844. We must also bear in mind that the government of Sir Robert Peel had firmly established itself in the confidence of the country, and that his free-trade measures were beginning to produce their beneficent financial and moral effects.

There are important differences between the circumstances which have led to the present high price of consols, and those which produced a similar result in 1844. In the first place, it cannot be said that any depressing influences, operating on trade during the last two or three years, have diminished the amount of capital employed by our merchants and manufacturers, and have concentrated upon the stock exchange accumulations of funds previously invested in productive industry. We are aware that in certain quarters there have been unfortunate speculations and heavy losses; but, speaking generally, there is a marked contrast between the circumstances of the present period and the state of things seven years ago. Yet we must not lose sight of the influence which has been produced, from time to time, upon the price of the British public securities by the revolutions and reactions on the Continent. Capital has been forced into this country by the alarms which have prevailed among the provident classes throughout continental Europe; and, to some limited extent, we may trace the recent high prices of consols to that cause. Moreover, the expenditure of capital on railways has nearly ceased—a circumstance which has not been without material influence. Again, improved means of internal traffic, as compared even with 1844, have most sensibly lessened the quantity of capital which, in the form of stocks of goods on hand and *in transitu*, is required to sustain the industry and consumption of the country. It is impossible to offer any definite estimate of the magnitude of the national savings arising from this source, but their aggregate amount must be very great; and it is assuredly not a fanciful hypothesis which finds a connection between the penny postage, the electric telegraph, and the railway goods' train on the one hand, and the upward tendency of the stock exchange quotations on the other.

It must, however, be confessed, that, as regards their immediate effect, all the causes we have indicated must yield in importance to the late enormous influx of gold into this country from the new sources of supply which have been opened by recent discoveries. In 1844 the stock of bullion in the Bank of England was about fifteen millions sterling, and the rate of discount was higher than it is now. We shall not, at present, attempt to trace the nature of the connection which exists between the Bank of England, as respects its official rate of interest, and the general condition of the Money Market, and particularly of the prices of the public securities. The facts, however, are palpable. Finding that its stock of bullion has reached the unprecedented amount of twenty millions and a half, the bank has, step by step, reduced its rate of interest to a minimum of 2 per cent. That is to say, in order to find employment for some part of its enormous accumulation of treasure, that establishment has sought to increase its advances by lowering the rate of interest—or, in other words, by affording greater inducements and facilities to borrowers. We do not say that this course of procedure on the part of the bank has caused the whole of the phenomena before us. By no means. The general state of

the money market, so far as the rate of interest is concerned, has corresponded with, and has on some occasions anticipated, the movements of the directors; but there can be little doubt that, directly and indirectly, the rapid accumulations of bullion in the Bank of England have largely contributed to bring about the state of things which we have endeavored in some degree to explain. The question, however, is not one to be hastily disposed of, and it may perhaps be necessary to recur to it on a future occasion.

ON THE PALO DE VELAS OR CANDLE-TREE, (*Parmentiera cereifera*, Seem.)—This tree is confined to the valley of the Chagres, where it forms entire forests. In entering them, a person might almost fancy himself transported into a chandler's shop. From all the stems and lower branches hang long cylindrical fruits, of a yellow wax color, so much resembling a candle, as to have given rise to the popular appellation. The fruit is generally from two to three, but not unfrequently four, feet long, and an inch in diameter. The tree itself is about twenty-four feet high, with opposite trifoliated leaves and large white blossoms, which appear throughout the year, but are in greatest abundance during the rainy season. The *Palo de Velas* belongs to the natural order *Crescentaceæ*, and is a *Parmentiera*, of which genus, hitherto, only one species, the *P. edulis*, De Cand., was known to exist. The fruit of the latter, called *Quanhscilote*, is eaten by the Mexicans; while that of the former serves for food to numerous herds of cattle. Bullocks, especially, if fed with the fruit of this tree, Guinea-grass, and *Butatilla*, (*Ipomœa brachypoda*, Benth.) soon get fat. It is generally admitted, however, that the meat partakes in some degree of the peculiar, apple-like smell of the fruit; but this is by no means disagreeable, and easily prevented, if, for a few days previous to the killing of the animal, the food is changed. The tree produces its principal harvest during the dry season, when all the herbaceous vegetation is burned up; and on that account its cultivation in tropical countries is especially to be recommended; a few acres of it would effectually prevent that want of fodder, which is always most severely felt after the periodical rains have ceased.—*Hooker's Journal of Botany*.

FEMALE BEAUTY.—Power, the celebrated sculptor, in a letter to a friend, says, with satirical humor, of his favorite work, "Eve is an old-fashioned body, and not so well formed and attractive as her grand-daughters, at least some of them. She wears her hair in a natural and most primitive manner, drawn back from the temples, and hanging loose behind, thus exposing those very ugly features in woman. Her waist is quite too large for our modern notions of beauty, and her feet, they are so very broad and large! And did ever one see such long toes! they have never been wedged into form by the nice and pretty little shoes worn by her lovely descendants. But Eve is very stiff and unyielding in her disposition; she will not allow her waist to be reduced by bandaging, because she is far more comfortable as she is, and, besides, she has some regard for her health, which might suffer from her restraints upon her lungs, heart, liver, &c., &c. I could never prevail upon her to wear modern shoes, for she dreads corns, which she says are neither convenient nor ornamental. But some allowance ought to be made for these crude notions of hers, founded as they are in the prejudices and absurdities of primitive days. Taking all these things into consideration, I think it best she should not be exhibited, as it might subject me to censure and severe criticism, and these, too, without pecuniary reward."

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE CAREER AND CHARACTER OF PETER ABELARD.

BRITTANY is proud of her great men. In philosophy, she boasts of Descartes; in chivalry, of Du Guesclin; she rejoices in Latour d'Auvergne, the "first grenadier of France;" she points to the tomb of Chateaubriand with a mournful joy; and, if anything like shame *can* possess her when numbering her sons, it is when there appear on the roll the names of Abelard and Lamennais, the first and the last of the "heretics" of Brittany.

For all, save the last two, the old Armorica acknowledges an unlimited love. For Abelard, there is a divided allegiance; for Lamennais there is nothing but a voice of mourning, as over a fallen star of the Romish Church.

The controversy with respect to the merits or demerits of the learned lover of Heloise has of late been renewed in France generally, and in Brittany particularly, with a hot and eager intensity. M. de Remusat claims the great dialectician as a reformer before the Reformation; as one who, when reconciled to Rome, was "unconvinced still," maintaining his old heresy, propagating his old philosophy, and practising his old sins by living again upon the ecstatic memory of those stolen hours of love which have given immortality to a couple of names. There are others of less fame and more orthodoxy than M. de Remusat, who have little faith in the gracefully expressed repentance of either of the two renowned lovers. Against these, the most accomplished of scholars, the most experienced of antiquaries, and the most faithful of the obedient children who are still conquering Gaul for Rome, has appeared as the champion of Abelard and the apologist of Heloise. This double duty, an entire task of love, has been undertaken by Aurelien de Courson, who, in his great work on the history of the Breton nations, "*Histoire des Peuples Bretons*," has devoted no inconsiderable space to a defence of the character and career of Peter Abelard. We honor his chivalrous courage, and we acknowledge his "cunning of fence;" but we must declare at the outset that never was failure more signal or more complete. The champion is slain by his own weapons; the defender is buried beneath the defences which himself has raised. If it be sport to "hoist the engineer with his own petard," they may have it who will take from M. de Courson the arms which he has prepared with much pains, great skill, and little result favorable to himself.

Peter Abelard was born in the year 1079, when Brittany was free, and Hoel IV. was sovereign count thereof. The place of his birth was Pallet, a hamlet between Nantes and Clisson. His mother was a Bretonne of Brittany, his sire a gentleman and a soldier of Poitou, Norman by descent, and bearing with him all the fierce characteristics of his race. Abelard inherited all of his father but the Norman love for arms. Greatness was offered him, and knighthood was before him, but chivalry tempted him not. At the moment that this child in Brittany was defying with petulant scorn the temptations of the tented field, there was another boy in Burgundy, the son of noble parents, also renouncing the greatness to be won by "pricking o'er the plain." This last named boy was the great Bernard, and the two were destined to meet as foes within those lists where there is a "cudgelling of brains," but no peril of life. The hostile

sons of chivalrous sires had every quality of knight-hood save courtesy. If spoken daggers could have killed, St. Bernard would have slain his adversary a thousand times over; in wordy deadliness of design the scholastic Abelard was not a whit behind his mystical enemy.*

Peter was a marvellous child; learning was his nourishment. The down was yet upon his chin when he was wandering from university to university, knocking at its gates, and challenging bearded doctors. M. de Courson looks upon this period as an Augustan age, citing, by way of proof, the crowds of professors who taught and the mob of students who followed them. But what was the instruction of the first, and what the profit drawn from it by the second? Upon the thick yet well-trodden straw of the cloister of Nôtre Dame de Paris the theological students used to fling themselves in dirty, drunken, and disorderly multitudes, and, after a long and often-interrupted course, they departed with a few pages of Aristotle, got by heart, a prayer or two, made familiar to them by mystic paraphrases, and their brains, too often drowned in wine or shaken by debauchery, shattered into utter uselessness by the verbose and stupendous nothings of the dialectic lecturers. Some escape from such a course with minds uninjured, but we doubt if Abelard can be cited as an exception. His philosophy was unworthy of the name, his principles and acts disgraced Christianity, and his entire life was marked to the end by those inconsistencies which stamp a man who knowing what is good refuses to follow it, and who would rather be wrong with Plato than right with all the world besides.

The most famous dialectician of his day was William Champeaux, and at the feet of William in Paris sat Abelard to learn logic and surpass his master. The fallacies of the teacher were exposed by the pupil to his fellow-students, and the result was the opening of a class at Melun where Abelard assumed the professorial chair and taught marvellous subtleties, which admiring crowds, fabulous as to number, took for wisdom, merely because they were wrapt in a tuneful eloquence. In the absence of Abelard, the prosperity of William Champeaux was renewed, and to the feet of his old tutor Abelard, worn out with his own labors at Melun, resorted to study rhetoric and insult his preceptor. He soon after established his own classes in the capital, on the Montagne St. Genevieve. This was in 1115, but after a short visit to Brittany, to take leave of his parents, both of whom embraced a monastic life, and became dead to the sins, the errors, and the glory of their son, we find him at Laon studying theology under the great Anselm of Loudun. Here again the scholar laughed at the beard of his master. "If you look at him at a distance," said the irreverend *alumnus* to his grinning condiscipuli, "he is as a fine tree bending beneath its foliage; come close, and the tree bears no better fruit than the arid fig cursed by Christ. When he kindles into fire, there is smoke, but no light." It was here that he declared his

* Heloise, in her vivacious correspondence, treats St. Bernard as a "miserable old impostor!" The saint styled Abelard an "infernal dragon," and a "wretched song writer." It would be worth while to collect the fragments of these songs if they could be found, for they were long famous for their sweetness and pathos. The songs which poor Goldsmith too wrote for the Dublin ballad-singers would make another noble collection if they could be discovered.

readiness to expound Ezekiel, the most thorny of the prophets, after a single day's preparation; and when it was suggested that custom, and, it might have been added, common sense, required that such expounding should only be the fruit of long study, he laughed arrogantly, and declared, with spirit as arrogant, that it was not his custom to follow what was usual but to obey his impulses. The remark shows that he had one essential of philosophy, "self-knowledge!"

With the reputation attached to such arrogance, and with the disgrace connected with being expressly forbidden by Anselm to expound Scripture at all, Abelard hastened to the metropolis, got possession of the chair of theology vacated by his old master, William of Champeaux, delivered lectures on Ezekiel to a concourse of students who left their occupation of drinking wine and cutting purses to listen to him, and received as his reward the high office of Canon of Paris. The score of cardinals and half hundred bishops, who are also said to have attended the lectures of the disciple of Aristotle, perhaps gave evidence of his orthodoxy! His ideal of a church pleased them. The present occupier of the canonry held by Abelard, M. Deplace, has been making the Hanover Square Rooms reëcho during the summer months (and rendering assembled cardinals and bishops exultant too) with assurances that the church is sovereign on earth, and the state its subject, if not its slave. While Europe was sending countless numbers of her sons from all parts to listen to the music and to learn the method of the lecturer, the great expounder of Ezekiel was solacing his learned leisure with the society of meretricious beauties! That he had ruined himself with the companionship of courtesans was the friendly reproach of Foulques, in a letter still extant.* Pride was ruining him to the full as speedily. He cast his eye over the five thousand students who stood mute and impatient to catch wisdom from his lips, and the devil bade him hold himself the greatest philosopher of his age. He was fairly drunk with his burning spirit of vanity: "me solum," he says, (Abela. Epist. I.) "me solum in mundo superses philosophum aestimarem;" the devil had bidden him account himself the *greatest* philosopher in the world, but he bettered the instructions of the angel who fell through pride, and held himself to be the *only* one.

And now, in presence of this terrible compound of human passions and superhuman learning, stands the accomplished Heloise; rich in beauty, rich in Latin, in Greek, and in Hebrew; as fond by nature as he was proud and susceptible; and as frail, and as shameless of her frailty, as he was eager to profit by it. Truly has Dryden said that

—when to sin our biased nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill-desires.

So it was in this case, where the tempted met the

* It is but fair to add that the young professor denies this in his correspondence. In his letter to Philintus, referring to Heloise, he says, "Fœna libidini cepti laxare, qui antea vixeram continentissime." "I had always an aversion," he says again, "to those light women whom it is a reproach to pursue." But in the same letter there is a boast that no woman whom he addressed could resist him; and there is, therewith, in describing his repulse of the advances made to him by Agaton, the fair handmaid of Heloise, such a sparkling detail of the charms and ways of the serving lady, that we are disinclined to put much faith in the assertion of a generally virtuous demeanor.

tempter half-way. Let young and pure hearts be assured that when, in their sweet wooing time, they talk smilingly of the exemplary love and fidelity of Abelard and Heloise, they are flinging their incense before unworthy shrines. Those idols of all youthful lovers lacked dignity, honesty, and purity. They not only deliberately fell, but deliberately boasted of their offence. Honest affection should deposit its garland on a purer altar than the shrine of these sinning lovers.

Heloise was the "niece" of Fulbert, a fellow canon with Abelard in the cathedral church of Paris. The blood of the Montmorencies was hers, says M. de Courson, through her mother. This, however, is very questionable. No one knows who her mother really was. By one authority it is stated that Fulbert "*Heloysiam naturalem filiam habebat prestanti ingenio formâque.*" The ardent Peter corresponded with the ardent young lady while she was only a pupil in the convent of Argenteuil. At his suggestion the uncle brought her home to his own hearth, and admitted Abelard, on his own urgent prayer, to be the inmate of his house and the tutor of his niece. And straightway the expounder of Ezekiel took to writing love-songs; the lecturer on Plato and Origen to reading romances of the heart. "There were," wrote Heloise to Abelard, years after, and when both are imagined to have been absorbed in their remorse, "there were two things in you that would have captivated any woman; one was the grace with which you recited, the other the charm with which you sung!" M. Courson is sentimental on the subject of the errors of this young pair, but he has gone into less of pictorial detail than Abelard himself. The Canon of Paris, in his after correspondence with the lady, when the latter had taken the veil, thus helped the nun to repentance by feeding her imagination with the memories of the past.

"Under the semblance of study we were all-surrendered to love. Love made choice of the retired spot wherein glided by the hour of our lesson; love was the subject of our speech and of our thoughts; and with the page open before us we only meditated on love. We exchanged more kisses than sentences, and we oftener turned to caresses than to our books, on which our eyes could not willingly fall after gazing at each other. Finally, and in order to prevent any suspicion on the part of Fulbert, we had our little chastisements, but love, and not anger, measured the blows, which were more gentle even than the caresses themselves." The after-remembrances of Heloise were not less warm or active. "What wife, or maiden," she exclaims, "did not dream of him when absent, or burn for him when present? What queen or noble lady did not envy my delights?" And again, long after he had been in his tomb and she had fallen into years, she wrote, and wrote repeatedly, "Vows and monastery, I have not lost my human feelings beneath your pitiless rules; you have not by changing my garment converted me into marble."

When the scandal of their lives offended even the unscrupulous age in which they lived, Fulbert awoke to conviction and separated the lovers. Abelard, however, carried off the lady, nothing loth, and the pair fled into Brittany. His sister afforded them a refuge, and the fruit of guilt was born beneath her roof. The son who there unhappily saw the light received the affected name of Astrolabe. On receiving knowledge of his birth, Fulbert insisted that Abelard should marry his

niece. M. de Courson, ever partial to the criminal, says that Abelard *offered* to marry Heloise! Accepting this assertion as true, why did M. de Courson separate from the text, and bury in an obscure note, the record of the fact that the calculating Peter stipulated that the marriage, if it *must* take place, should be performed in private and kept secret, for the sufficient reason that by its becoming public he should be disappointed in his hopes and expectations of rising to the highest honors in the church?

Let us be strictly just, however, to Abelard. If he made a grimace at the prospect of marriage, Heloise quoted St. Paul; Theophrastus, and Cicero in his favor. In her own words it is written: "What could we scholars have had in common with household servants? Conversation and cradles would have marred one another. Books and distaffs, pens and spinning-wheels, are opposites. How could we have borne, in place of theological and philanthropic meditations, the screams of children, the songs of nurses, and the thousand miseries of domestic life?" Subsequent to their separation, and when she was the "mother" of a nun, the pious lady reminded him that while they loved without thinking of matrimony Heaven had been indulgent; but that they had no sooner thought of marriage than Providence visited them with all sorts of tribulation! To the end of her own life this exemplary lady protested that she would rather be his "concubine" than his wife. She was *neither*, for any length of time. A private marriage, indeed, took place, but Fulbert, still indignant, no sooner found Abelard lying at his mercy, in Paris, than he inflicted upon him that sanguinary vengeance which reduced the victim to the condition of Atys; which drove Heloise to obey the now selfish and jealously expressed will of her lover, to take the veil at Argenteuil;* and which made of Abelard himself a most unwilling monk. He assumed the monastic habit at St. Denis, not, as he himself confesses, out of devotion, but out of shame. As for the victim and partner of his guilt, she walked to the altar heedless of the tears and expostulations of her friends. Modesty went not with her, nor repentance neither. There was nothing of the humiliation of the Magdalen. The Gospel was neither in her heart nor on her lips. As the irremovable veil fell over her brow, the spouse of Christ thought only of her husband after the flesh, and the last words she uttered as she entered the cloister forever were those attributed by Lucan (in his *Pharsalia*, l. viii.) to Cornelia, deploring the overthrow of the beloved Pompey, and the expiation endured by his wife for his sake:

— O maxime conjux,
O thalamis indigne meis, hoc juris habebat
In tantum fortuna caput! Cur impia nupti
Si miserum factura fui? Nunc accipe pœnas
Sed quas sponte luam!

This was but an unpromising commencement of a course of repentance. If Brother Peter ever counselled her to better, the advice was nullified

* The Letter of Abelard on this point is a disgrace to manhood. He bribed the conventual authorities to inveigle her within the walls by a false coloring of the alleged pleasures of conventual life; and no sooner found her securely imprisoned forever than he gave utterance to his gladness that no man could possess what was denied to him, and that on one point Abelard and the world were equal.

by the reminiscences of the lover Abelard. One example may suffice to show how he mingled present grave thoughts with past and dangerous recollections: "Nosti . . . quid ibi (in the monastery of Argenteuil) tecum mea libidinis egerit in imperantia in quadam etiam parte ipsius rectorii. . . Nosti id impudentissime tunc actum esse in tam reverendo loco et summæ Virgini consecrato." What was this but bidding her be mindful of their old loves in the place where free indulgence had been given to them? Those who would read more of similar matter we refer to Paquier, to the history and letters of Abelard and Heloise, written in Latin, and first published in a 4to. volume, in 1616, or to the translation of the same into French, given to the world by Bastin, in 1782. As for Heloise, Pope has refinedly rendered the essence of her epistolary style in his well-known lines, equally well-known in France by the translation of Colardeau, and Martin de Choisy has penned some *gaillarde* verses descriptive of the history of the lady and her lover. To that lover we must now give our exclusive attention.*

Abelard flung himself into active life. He again ascended the professorial rostrum, and lectured on theology and logic to thousands of hearers, whose appetite to listen to him had been excited by recent circumstances. He was more popular and also more proud than ever, and his pride impelled him to write that "Introduction to Theology" which raised all Christendom against him as a denier of the Trinity, and which caused his condemnation by the Council of Sens, not only for his heresy, but for his ignorance of the chief dogmas of the Christian faith. M. de Courson says that he retired in grief to the monastery of St. Medard; but this is not the fact. The brotherhood of St. Denis thrust him into the street, and St. Medard was assigned him only as a prison. His humility, feigned or real, procured his speedy restoration to St. Denis; but he was no sooner there than he made the place too hot to hold him, by declaring to the infuriated monks that St. Denis, Bishop of Paris, was not identical with the much earlier St. Denys the Areopagite. M. de Courson should have shown how the poor monks might have stood excused for their error, seeing that, as if in confirmation of that error, Innocent II. had just presented to the church of the French martyr the body, lacking the head, of the Athenian Bishop. Many a wrong opinion has been maintained on a worse foundation.† A second expulsion rewarded the temerity of Abelard, who resumed the calling, more agreeable to his humor, of public lecturer; and, after much wandering, and a success which increased a vanity already nearly intolerable, he settled for a time at Troyes, and castle and cottage were alike emptied of its occupants, who assembled around the bold master, whose liberality erected for their use the well-frequented church of the Paraclete. If Abelard had been drunk with vanity before, he was now insane. His

* We would not willingly pass without notice the elegant and the first English translation published exactly a century ago, A.D. 1751. The translator, in the preface, blushes at the idea of our great-grandmothers finding pleasure in reading the once famous, and fictitious, "Letters of a Nun and a Cavalier." He hardly improved the matter by laying before them the ferid reminiscences of the more real couple.

† Voltaire, who used to ridicule monastic learning, has fallen into this old monastic error, and has confounded Denis and Dionysius. See *Dictionn. Philosoph.*, Art. "Denis," and note 14 to the 1st Canto of *La Pucelle*.

sentiments, uttered with a self-sufficient arrogance, were so utterly opposed to Romish doctrine, that St. Bernard arose, and, though less learned and less logical than his opponent, so far triumphed over his adversary as to exact from him a promise to circulate no more opinions that the church did not sanction. In testimony of his defeat, he abandoned the Paraclete to Heloise and a community of nuns, of which she was the superior, opened there with her that famous correspondence, little redolent of repentance in the heart of either writer, and betook himself to the Abbey of Ruys, said to have been founded by that supposititious British Jeremiah to whom have been attributed the gloomy pages "*De excidio Britannie*," namely, St. Gildas; the brotherhood of which monastery, acknowledged by M. de Courson to be a set of wild, unclean, ignorant, and drunken savages, had, in one of their fits of unconsciousness, elected him as their abbot.

While Abelard was struggling to make externally decent Christians of the debauched fraternity, he was also engaged in circulating writings in which the eagle-eyed St. Bernard detected the combined heresies of Arius against the Trinity, of Nestorius against the Incarnation, and of Pelagius against Grace. The offender and his accuser met face to face on the 2nd of June, 1140, before the Council of Sens. The majesty of France, as well as the greatness of the church, was present, and all eyes were turned upon the two *athletes*. The expectation of a noble intellectual struggle was disappointed, for St. Bernard had no sooner opened the attack, than Abelard, pale and faint, declared that he appealed to Rome, and hurriedly left the assembly. The council nevertheless condemned him. Rome confirmed the judgment, and sentenced the offender "to eternal silence." Abelard bent his head in obedience, and withdrew to the Abbey of St. Medard; so says M. de Courson, but the obedience of the priest was a matter of compulsion, and St. Medard was the place of captivity to which he was condemned. Thence, says the author just named, he wrote a confession of faith and submission, and addressed it to Heloise, "his sister in Christ." Very true; but in this communication he says to his "beloved sister," "I have not been able to escape the critics; nevertheless, God knows that I cannot find in my books the faults with which I am charged." The offer to retract them, if they are there, is of little value when he calls God to witness that he cannot find them.

He longed yet for a triumph to be given to him in Rome itself, and trusted to his eloquence to secure it, if he could succeed in obtaining an interview with the pontiff. He set out for that purpose, but neither St. Bernard of Cîteaux, nor Peter the Venerable of Cluny, had lost sight of his movements. They intercepted him on his way, and so wrought upon their impressionable brother that he, whether by his own will or in spite of it, gave up his journey, and *never again left Cluny*, except when, for the sake of his health, he was transferred to a monastery at Chalons, where he died, in a semi-odor of sanctity, on the 21st April, 1142, in the 53d year of his age.

Peter the Venerable, in a rather warm letter to Heloise, to whom he says, "would to Heaven that Cluny possessed you also!" speaks in high terms of the perfect humility of Abelard in his retirement, or captivity. We are inclined to agree with

Remusat, that this humility *may* have been feigned in order to obtain his freedom. "He gave up," adds the Venerable Peter, "logic for the Gospel; nature for the Apostles; Plato for Christ; the academy for the cloister." Was any choice allowed him? Or can we accept "the Venerable" as a competent judge, when, in the epitaph he inscribed upon the tomb of the convert, he called him the "Socrates of Gaul," the "Plato of the West," and "our own Aristotle?"

On a dark night of the November following the April in which Abelard died, Peter the Venerable, in order to gratify Heloise, stole the remains of her lover, and had them conveyed to the Paraclete, where during twenty-one years the loving woman visited them daily. She survived till 1163, when she died with the calmness of a saint. She was mourned by her nuns as a lady superior deserved to be, who "of human frailty construed mild." She loved order so much that she would not, as she says in the last, and by far the warmest and boldest, of her epistles to Abelard, allow her young ladies to be running riot at midnight. But when a little love affair was carried on with decency and discretion, she thought upon Abelard and smiled! The gratitude of the nuns of the house endured for a good six centuries, and in honor of her they performed a mass annually (on the anniversary of her death) in the Greek language!

In 1163 the body of Heloise was placed in the coffin which held what was mortal of her lover, whose arms, according to the legend, opened to receive her. When 334 years had passed, the silent lovers were again disunited, and, in 1497, placed in separate coffins and different graves. In 1779 they were reunited partially, being deposited side by side in a single coffin, divided by a leaden compartment. On the dissolution of the monasteries in 1792, the inhabitants of Nogent transferred to their church the remains of the unhappy pair. A superb monument was erected over them, but in 1794 the iconoclasts of the Republic shattered it into fragments. Six years later, on the festival of St. George, 1800, the bodies were removed to Paris, and after a term of repose within the Musée des Monumens Français they were finally carried to the cemetery of Père la Chaise. The open chapel which canopies the tomb within which they rest is formed from the ruins of the Paraclete, but the tomb itself, seven centuries old, is the original one raised by Peter the Venerable over the body of Abelard. A handful of dust and a few bones are all that remain of those of whom we have here given the record and the chronicle—
OF THE SELFISH SCHOLAR AND THE UNSELFISH AND DEVOTED WOMAN.

J. D.

MOISTURE has been considered as a great enemy to health; and all our late investigations on the subject have pronounced on the evils of inhaling vapors even of an aqueous nature. How will men of these notions be able to combat the oldest practice for the preservation of health—viz., early rising? The sun, first risen from its bed, spreads its effulgent calorific rays over the earth's surface, and causes evaporation; it is this watery vapor, so often objected to by valetudinarians, that is so conducive to the free respiratory action; it is this, with the genial warmth of the luminary, that gives salutary influence to the circulation; not by expediting the circulation, but by the moisture and the electric rays equalizing and improving all the functions of life. All old people have uniformly adopted the practice of early rising.

From Chambers' Journal.

DAVID'S LAST PICTURE.

THE whole population of the good city of Brussels was in a state of excitement. Talma, the great French tragedian, was that evening to close his engagement by appearing in his favorite character of Leonidas; and, from an early hour in the morning, the doors of the theatre were beset with waiting crowds, extending to the very end of the large square in which it stood. It was evident that the building, spacious as it was, could not contain one half of the eager expectants already assembled, and yet every moment brought a fresh accession to the number destined to be disappointed. The hero of this ovation, and the object of all this unusual excitement to the worthy and naturally phlegmatic beer-drinkers of old Brabant, was standing near a window in the White Cross Hotel, engaged most prosaically in shaving himself; and, from time to time, casting on the crowd, to which he was the magnet of attraction, the careless glance of a monarch become from habit almost insensible to the loyal enthusiasm of his subjects.

"So he will not come?" said the tragedian to an old friend who was with him. "He is a cynical old fool; and yet, I assure you, my dear M. Lesec, that I had *Leonidas* got up expressly for him, thinking to tickle his old republican fancies, for to my mind it is as stupid a play as *Germanicus*, though I contrive to produce an effect with some of its high-sounding patriotic passages; and I thought the worthy David would have recognized his own picture vivified. But he will not come; he positively refused, you tell me. I might have known it. Age, exile, the memory of the past—all this has cut him up terribly; he is the David of the Consulate no longer."

"I am just come from him," answered Collector Lesec; "he received me almost as *Hermione* receives *Orestes* in the fourth act of *Andromache*. To say the least of it, he was somewhat tart. 'I never go to the theatre,' he answered abruptly. 'Tell my friend Talma, that I thank him for his kindness; but I always go to bed at nine. I should be very glad if he would come, before he left Brussels, and have a tankard and a smoke with me.'"

"I see," said Talma, with a half-ironical smile, "he is turned quite Flemish. Poor fellow! to what has he come!—to smoking tobacco, and losing all faith in art. Persecution does more harm than the guillotine," added the tragedian in a tone of bitterness. "There is a living death. David's exile has deprived us of many a *chef-d'œuvre*. I can forgive the Restoration for surrounding itself with nobodies, but it need not banish our men of talent; they are not to be found nowadays in every corner. But enough. Another word, and we should be talking politics."

Leonidas finished shaving like any other man; and then turned suddenly to his friend: "I bet you ten Napoleons," said he, "that David would have come to the play had I gone myself to him with the invitation! I intended it, but I had not time; these rehearsals kill me; I might as well be a galley-slave. However, I have about three-quarters of an hour to myself now, and I will go beard the old Roman in his stronghold. What say you to going with me?"

It would have been difficult to name a place to which M. Lesec would not have gone, to have the honor of being seen arm-in-arm with the great

Talma; and in another half hour they were on their way across the Place de la Monnaie into the Rue Pierre Plate.

"Now for a storm!" said Lesec. "We are in for it; so be prepared. I leave it all on your shoulders, noble sir, for I must keep clear of him."

"Is he, then, so entirely changed?" exclaimed Talma, quickening his pace. "Poor exile! unhappy genius! torn from thy native soil, to languish and die!"

The visitors soon reached the large, though somewhat dilapidated mansion of the celebrated artist; and, after they had been reconnoitred through a small grating by an old female servant, they were ushered into a rather gloomy apartment, presenting a singular discrepancy between its antique decorations and modern furniture.

The illustrious exile came out of an adjoining apartment in his dressing-gown, and advanced towards them with a quick yet almost majestic step, though his form was slightly bent, apparently by age. To Talma's great surprise, David received him most cordially, even throwing away his usually inseparable companion, a long pipe, to grasp both his hands. "Welcome, welcome, my old friend!" he said; "you could not have come at a better time. I have not for many a day felt so happy, and the sight of you is a great addition." And the old painter kept rubbing his hands, a token with him of exuberant satisfaction.

Talma looked at Lesec as much as to say: "The devil is not quite so black as he is painted;" while the worthy collector only shrugged his shoulders, and lifted his eyebrows in pantomimic expression of his inability to comprehend such a sudden change in the atmosphere.

"You must promise to come and dine with me to-morrow," continued the painter, accompanying his invitation with a smile, or rather a grin, for David's face was very much disfigured by a wen on his cheek, which also, by causing a twitching of the jaw, rendered his articulation indistinct.

"To my great regret, I am obliged to decline your invitation, my dear friend," said Talma. "This is my last night here, and I must set off for Paris to-morrow."

"Set off to-morrow!"

"Positively. Michelet and Dumas have the whole management on their shoulders, and are pressing my return; and Lemer cier is only waiting for me to read to us a sort of *Richard the Third*."

"Nevertheless, you dine with me to-morrow. One day longer will not matter to them, and is a great matter to me. I suspect Lemer cier's *Richard the Third* is cold enough to keep a little longer. I am to have my friend Girodet with me; so dine with us you must. It will make me grow young again, man, and bring back the happy meetings at Moliker's, near the gate of the Louvre."

The illustrious exile accompanied this sentence with another of his grim smiles. The actor was deeply moved by it, for in that bitter smile he read how the artist pined for his country. "I will stay with you, I will stay with you, dear David!" now eagerly cried Talma. "For your sake, I will desert my post, and steal a holiday from my Paris friends; but it can only be on condition that you, too, will make a little sacrifice for me, and come this evening to see me in *Leonidas*."

"Well, I don't care if I do," answered the painter, whom the sight of one friend, and the expectation of seeing another, had made quite a dif-

ferent being from the David of the morning. "Here goes for Leonidas; but, remember, I give you fair warning—I shall go to sleep. I have scarcely ever been in a theatre that I did not take a sound nap."

"But when Talma plays, plaudits will keep you awake, M. David," said the courtly M. Lesec; and this reasonable compliment obtained for him a smile, and an invitation for the next day, so flattering to his vanity that, even at the risk of compromising himself with the Prince of Orange, he unhesitatingly accepted.

That evening, between six and seven o'clock, the old French painter, a baron of the empire, entered the theatre in full dress, and with a new red ribbon in his button-hole; but, as if shrinking from notice, he took his seat at the back of the stage-box, reserved for him by his friend Talma, with M. Lesec by his side, prouder, more elated, more frizzled and befrilled, than if he had been appointed first-commissioner of finance. But notwithstanding all the care of the modest artist to preserve his incognito, it was soon whispered through the theatre that he was one of the audience; and it was not long before he was pointed out, when instantly the whole house stood up respectfully, and repeated cheers echoed from pit to vaulted roof. The prince himself was among the first to offer this tribute to the illustrious exile, who, confused, agitated, and scarcely able to restrain his tears, bowed to the audience rather awkwardly, as he whispered to M. Lesec, "So, then, I am still remembered. I thought no one at Brussels cared whether I was dead or alive."

Soon Talma appeared as Leonidas; and in his turn engrossed every eye, every thought of that vast assembly. A triple round of applause hailed every speech uttered by the generous Spartan. The painter of the Sabines, of Brutus, of the Horatii, of the Coronation, seemed to heed neither the noisy acclamations nor the deep silence that succeeded each other. Mute, motionless, transfixed, he heard not the plaudits; it was not Talma he saw, not Talma he was listening to. He was at Thermopylae, by the side of Leonidas himself; ready to die with him and his three hundred heroes. Never had he been so deeply moved. He had talked of sleep, but he was as much alive, as eager, as animated, as if he were an actual sharer in the heroic devotedness that was the subject of the drama. For some moments after the curtain fell, he seemed equally absorbed; it was not till he was out of the theatre, and in the street, that he recovered sufficiently to speak; and then it was only to repeat every five minutes: "What a noble talent it is! What a power he has had over me!"

A night of tranquil sleep, and dreams of bright happy days, closed an evening of such agreeable excitement to the poor exile; and so cheering was its effect upon him, that he was up the next morning before day, and his old servant, to her surprise, saw her usually gloomy and taciturn master looking almost gay while charging her to have breakfast ready, and to be sure that dinner was in every way befitting the honored guests he expected.

"And are you going out, sir, and so early?" exclaimed the old woman; now, for the first time, perceiving that her master had his hat on and his cane in his hand.

"Yes, Dame Rebecca," answered David, as he gained the outer gate. "I have grown a great boy, and may be trusted to go alone."

"But it is scarcely daylight yet. None of the shops are open."

"I do not want to make any purchases."

"Then, where in the world can you be going, sir, at this hour?"

"*Sacre bleu!*" returned the painter, losing all patience; "could you not guess, you old fool, that I am going as far as the Flanders-gate to meet my old friend Girodet?"

"O that, indeed! But are you sure he will come that way! And did he tell you the exact time?"

"What matter, you old torment! Suppose I have to wait a few minutes for him, I can walk up and down, and it will be exercise for me, which, you know, Dr. Fanchet has desired me to take. Go along in, and don't let the dinner be spoiled." And the old man went on his way with an almost elastic step. Once more was he young, gay, happy. Was he not soon to see the friend dearer to him than all the world? But his eagerness had made him anticipate by two hours the usual time for the arrival of the diligence, and he was not made aware of his miscalculation till after he had been a good while pacing up and down the suburb leading to the Flanders-gate. The constant companion alike of his studio and his exile, his pipe, he had left behind him, forgotten in his hurry; so that he had no resource but to continue his solitary walk, the current of his happy thoughts flowing on, meanwhile, uninterrupted, save by an occasional greeting from laborers going to their work, or the countrywomen hastening, as much as their Flemish *embonpoint* would allow, to the city market. When sauntering about alone, especially when waiting, we, like children, make the most of everything that can while away the time, or give even the semblance of being occupied; a flower-pot in a window, a parrot in a cage, nay, even an insect flying past, is an absolute gain to us. David felt it quite a fortunate chance when he suddenly caught sight of a sign-painter carrying on his work in the open air. Though evidently more of a whitewasher than a painter, yet, from the top of his ladder, he was flourishing his brush in a masterly style, and at times pausing and contemplating his work with as much complacency as Gros could have done his wonderful cupola of Sainte-Geneviève.

The painter of Napoleon passed the self-satisfied dauber twice, not without some admiring glances at the way in which he was plastering the background of his landscape with indigo, by way of making a sky. At the top of the sign, now nearly finished, was traced in large characters, "Break of Day;" a precaution as indispensable to point out the artist's design, as the inscription, "Dutch and Flemish Beer," was to announce the articles dealt in by the owner of the house upon which this masterpiece was to figure.

"Here's a pretty fellow!" said the artist to himself; "with as much knowledge of perspective as a cart-horse; and yet, I doubt not, thinking himself a second Rubens. He brushes away as if he were polishing a pair of boots. And what matter! Why should he not enjoy himself in his own way?" But when he passed the ladder for the third time, and saw a fresh layer of indigo putting over the first, his patience could hold out no longer, and he exclaimed, without stopping or even looking at the offender: "There is too much blue!"

"Eh! Do you want anything, sir?" said the sign-painter; but he who had ventured the criticism was already at a distance.

Again David passed by. Another glance at the "Break of Day," and another exclamation; "Too much blue, you blockhead!" The insulted plasterer turned round to reconnoitre the speaker, and as if concluding, from his appearance, that he could be no very great connoisseur, he quietly set to work again, shrugging his shoulders in wonder how it could possibly be any business of his whether the sky was red, green, or blue. For the fourth time the unknown lounge repeated his unwelcome criticism: "Too much blue!"

The Brussels Wouvermans colored, but said, in the subdued tone of a man wishing to conceal anger he cannot help feeling: "The gentleman may not be aware that I am painting a sky." By this time he had come down from the ladder, and was standing surveying his work with one eye closed, and at the proper distance from it to judge of its effect; and his look of evident exaltation showed that nothing could be more ill-timed than any depreciation of his labors.

"It is because I suppose you do want to paint a sky, that for that very reason I wish to give you this little piece of advice, and to tell you that there is too much blue in it."

"And pray, Mr. Amateur, when was there ever a sky seen without blue?"

"I am no amateur; but I tell you once more, that there is too much blue. And now do as you like; and if you do not think you have enough, you can put more."

"This is entirely too bad!" cried the now exasperated sign-painter. "You are an old fool, and know nothing of painting. I should like to see you make a sky without blue."

"I do not say I am a good hand at a sky; but if I did set about it, there should be no blue."

"A pretty job it would be!"

"It would look like something, at all events."

"That is as much as to say mine is like nothing at all."

"No, indeed, for it is very like a dish of spinach, and very like a vile daub, or like anything else you please."

"A dish of spinach! a vile daub!" cried the artist of Brabant in a rage. "I, the pupil of Ruysdael—I, fourth cousin to Gerard Dow! and you pretend to know more of my art than I do—an art I have practised with such credit at Antwerp, Louvain, and Liege! A dish of spinach, indeed!" And by this time the fury of the insulted painter had increased to such a degree, that he seized David by the arm, and shaking him violently, added: "Do you know, you old dotard, that my character has been long established? I have a red horse at Mechlin, a stag at Namur, and a Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, that no one has ever seen without admiring!"

"This is beyond all patience," said David; and suddenly extricating himself from the man's grasp, and snatching his palette from him, he was up the ladder in an instant, shouting: "Wait awhile, and you shall have yourself to admire, with your fool's pate and your ass's ears!"

"Stop, stop, you villain!" roared the luckless artist, pale with consternation. "My splendid sign! A painting worth thirty-five francs! I am ruined and undone!" And he continued shaking the ladder, and pouring out a torrent of abuse upon David, who, caring neither for the reproaches of

his victim, nor for the crowd that the sudden clamor had attracted, went on pitilessly effacing the "Break of Day," and mingling in one confused mass sky and sun, and trees and figures; or what was intended, at least, to represent them. And now—not less rapid in creating than in destroying—and with the lightest possible touch of his brush, the new sign-painter sketched and finished, with magic rapidity, a sky with the gray tints of early dawn, and a group of three men, glass in hand, watching the rising sun; one of these figures being a striking likeness of the whitewasher, shown at once by his bushy eye-brows and snub-nose.

The crowd, that had at first shown every inclination to take the part of their countryman against a stranger unfairly interfering with him, now stood quietly watching the outlines as they shone through the first layers of color, and shouts of applause burst from them as the figures grew beneath the creative hand of the artist. The tavern-keeper himself now swelled the number of admirers, having come out to ascertain the cause of the tumult; and even the fourth cousin of Gerard Dow felt his fury fast changing into admiration.

"I see it all now," he said to those nearest him in the crowd. "He is a French or Dutch sign-painter, one of ourselves, and he only wanted to have a joke against me. It is but fair to own that he has the real knack, and paints even better than I do."

The artist to whom this equivocal compliment was paid, was now coming down from the ladder amid the cheers of the spectators, when a new admirer was added to them in the person of a man who, mounted on a fine English horse, seemed inclined to ride over the crowd in his eagerness to get a good view of the painting.

"That picture is mine!" he exclaimed; "I will have it. I will buy it, even if I have to cover it with guineas!"

"What do you mean?" asked the tavern-keeper.

"I mean that I will give any price you choose to name for that sign," answered the stranger.

"The picture is not to be sold, young man; I could not think of parting with it," said the whitewasher, with as much paternal pride as if it had been indeed his workmanship.

"Certainly not," said the vender of beer; "for it has been already sold, and partly paid for in advance. The picture is mine; and, though not very anxious to dispose of it, yet, perhaps, we may come to some understanding, and make a bargain."

"Not so fast," said the dauber; "the sign belongs to me, and my brother artist was only kindly giving me a helping hand. It is my lawful property; and if this gentleman wants to buy it, he must deal with me for it."

"I tell you," replied the tavern-keeper, "that the 'Break of Day' is my property, as sure as it is now hanging in front of my house."

The dispute was waxing louder and louder, when David broke in: "And am I to go for nothing in the matter? Methinks I might be allowed a voice in it."

"And a good right you have, brother," said the sign-painter; "and I am sure you and I shall have no difference about it. But the open street is no place for all this. We had better go into the house, and settle the matter over a pot of beer."

David, wishing to escape the continually increasing crowd, consented to the adjournment, which, however, had no effect upon the disputants, and the contest waged more fiercely than ever; nor

did the Englishman's reiterated offers to give for the picture its weight in gold tend to allay it.

"But what will you say, if I won't let it be sold!" cried David, at length losing all patience.

"Ah! good sir," said the tavern-keeper, "you would not deprive a poor, struggling man like me of this opening for getting a little ready money to enable me to lay in a stock of beer. As for that sign-painter, he is a drunken sot, who has left himself without as much as a stiver to give his daughter, who ought to have been married a year ago."

"Do not believe him, sir," cried David's brother artist. "Every one knows there is not a fonder father in the whole town; and more shame to me if I were not, for never was there such a good daughter as my dear, pretty Lizette. I have no money to give her, to be sure, but she is betrothed to an honest fellow, who is glad to get her, poor as she is. He is a young Frenchman, a cabinet-maker, and no better workman in the whole city; and they are to be married whenever he has anything saved."

"A good child, and a good workman, and only waiting for wherewithal to live! This alters the matter entirely," said David; "and the young couple shall have the picture. We leave it to this gentleman's liberality to name the price he is willing to give for it."

"Illustrious artist," said the Englishman, "I rejoice in the decision you have come to: Solomon himself could not have given a wiser one. As for me, I have already offered a hundred guineas for the sign as it stands; but I will give two hundred, if you will consent to inscribe on it the two words 'Pierre David.'"

The name was no sooner pronounced, than a cry

of astonishment and delight burst from all present; and the poor sign-painter, with tears in his eyes, implored pardon for all his rudeness and presumption, and poured out grateful thanks for the Master's kind intentions in favor of the young couple.

By this time the news had reached the crowd without, and was received with repeated shouts and cries of "Long live David!" "Long live the prince of artists!" But the cheers became almost deafening, when the pretty Lizette, having heard the wonderful story of a sign having been painted that was to hasten her marriage, and give her a dowry of two hundred guineas, made her appearance, and, without a moment's hesitation, threw her arms about the neck of her benefactor, who returned her caresses most cordially; declaring that, all things considered, he did not know any one who had a better right to a kiss from the bride.

At this instant Talma, followed by Girodet and the collector, hurriedly entered the tavern. Not finding David at his house, and being told of his having left home very early, they became uneasy lest some accident had befallen him, and set off in search of him.

"Thank Heaven, we have found him!" said Girodet.

"And very well employed, too, I declare," cried Talma. "If I could be sure of meeting such a kind welcome from a pretty girl, I should not mind getting up early myself!"

"Bravo, bravo, my old friend!" said Girodet, as, after a warm embrace from him, he turned to examine the picture: "I never expected to hear of your changing your style, and turning Flemish sign-painter. But it is no shame for David to end as Rembrandt began."

From the Tribune.

A COMPLAINT.

A HOT noon filled the autumn sky,
So still the pine forgot to sigh,
But breathed out odors graciously

Along the slumbering air:
Sweet scents of harvest-gathered grain,
And heavy fruit that wasps profane,
With dead leaves drying on the plain,
Made silence soft and rare.

There, underneath an evergreen,
Whose boughs against the hillside lean,
I lingered, wrapt in thoughts serene,
Half bordering on sleep;

When gently on mine idleness
Stole a low murmur, not distress,
But monotoned to plaintiveness,
Nor sad enough to weep.

And without thought I had a sense
Of flowers that live in innocence,
Set in far deserts for defence,

But die, ah me! alone.
Their pale lips breathed for perfume, song,
Confiding unto speech their wrong,
And, for that I had loved them long—
To me they made the moan.

First a pond-lily said, "I die—
Who saw me? If a star should lie
In snow-flakes, were it fair as I,
Self-floated on the lake?"

But I am withering unsung
On the cold waters whence I sprung—
What boots it to be fair and young
Only for being's sake?"

A purple orchis by a brook

Replied: "I see not from my nook
Aught but the summer skies, that look
Alike on bud or flower.

Now I am fading—who will know,
With grief, that from the earth I go?
Who loved me? Still the ripples flow,
And laugh from hour to hour!"

And a wild rose complained of death,
That froze the sweetness of her breath:
But more that no clear echo saith

To clearer tones—"Farewell!"
And all the blossoms joined the plaint
Till the just murmur, sad and faint,
Made in my ear a loud complaint,
Yet sweet as chimes a bell.

Then I made answer: "Beauty grows
For beauty's sake, though no man knows
The hidden place of its repose—

It is not vain or waste.
Dear flowers! for you the wild birds sing,
Shy fawns behold your blossoming,
And poets, dreaming, at your spring
Of visioned sweetness taste.

And love that bent the arching sky,
Your fair creations satisfy."

Then, sliding into daylight, I
Turned my awakened eyes,
And lo! the voice was silent—flowers
Stood round me, smiling as the hours,
Content enough with sun and showers—
Who mocked me with their cries?

A. W. H.

From the Athenæum.

The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir. A.
 Edited by THOMAS AIRD, with a Memoir of the
 Author. Blackwood & Sons.

OF the verse of this facile and locally-popular writer we spoke briefly when announcing his decease. The selection here given by Mr. Aird, as a plea for the writer's admission among our minor lyrists of the past half century, appears to be wisely made—though in substance not vivid or valuable enough to call for a reversal of the opinion already ventured by us. "Delta" was an amiable man—a fluent, sometimes a graceful, sometimes a feeling writer—who also commanded Scottish humor, within a circle more limited than that which Galt traversed; but he recurs to us as a pleasant example of those who are the minor pillars of a literary coterie—persons who sun themselves in the light of "my article," who walk the world in the halo of "our Magazine," who cherish their own *Shibboleths* and their own sympathies, by which every object belonging to the great general world is curiously changed in its proportions—who gather profit easily, reciprocate praise cheerfully, keep alive among some local circle literary tastes and literary prejudices—who, while alive, are extolled by their own set, known beyond it as merely items belonging to a galaxy, and after death are quietly forgotten, except by the quaint and universal collectors—the Brays of local history, or the Southneys who are microscopic enough to embrace the marks as well as the grains and scruples in their estimate of a country's literary ore. Mr. Aird's book, in short, can only take rank near the two volumes in which Dr. Moir commemorated another of the favorite writers in *Blackwood*—we mean "the modern Pythagorean." The Wilsons, Hoggs, Cunninghams, and Motherwells, with whom he is classed by his somewhat indiscriminating memorialist, belong to another orbit, and when they pass away claim another manner of requiem.

These truths, however necessary their plain statement be, lest standards become confounded and admiration abused by praise without proportion, do not hinder us from a cordial appreciation of the character of Dr. Moir as a man. His life was that hardest of mortal lives—the life of a provincial medical man; admitting of few holidays, and enjoining a routine of labor and of responsibility which, to idlers and less healthy-minded persons, must seem almost superhuman. In illustration of this, we may give an extract, prefaced by a passage from the correspondence of Hood, who, like *Mercutio*, could play with even death's advances towards him.

In one of his letters to Delta, Thomas Hood, who was then very unwell, says:—"But for this last shake, I should have indulged hopes of revisiting Edinburgh, and of course Musselburgh. But I am more sedentary than ever—some would say *chairy* of myself—so that, sitting for my bust lately seemed hardly beyond my usual still habits. Luckily, I have always been a domestic bird, and am therefore not so wretched from being incapable of passage. Still, I should prefer health and locomotion—riding here and there, to and fro, as you do, because others were ill and I was not. How you must enjoy walking to set a broken leg!" Any toil of the day were better than poor Hood's mortal ail; yet hear Moir himself as to those medical rides and walks: thus writes he to Mac-nish:—"Our business has ramified itself so much in all directions of the compass—save the north, where

we are bounded by the sea—that, on an average, I have sixteen or eighteen miles' daily riding; nor can this be commenced before three or four hours of pedestrian exercise has been hurried through. I seldom get from horseback till five o'clock; and by half-past six I must be out to the evening rounds, which never terminate till after nine. Add to this the medical casualties occurring between sunset and sunrise, and you will see how much can be reasonably set down to my leisure." To weary work like this, what an aggravation must literary labor have been; and yet what a solace too!

Is this view sufficiently present to the severe generation of scholars who would reduce literature to a few choice books for choice readers—and are apt to discharge their contempt against all effort and production short of the best, as insincere, useless, and pernicious? While they act in the spirit of Wordsworth when he raved against the Lake district being opened by steam to the weary men of Manchester and Preston—when, scornful in their superiority, "they do well," as they think, "to be angry" against the ephemeron who sings his tiny song or writes his little tale—do they allow for the honorable purposes, noble fancies, and elegant tastes which must have been present to the weary country practitioner, to drive him to his desk after his day's labor was over—though these may have been alloyed with small vanities, and with that propensity to fetch and carry which affords such rare entertainment for the satirist? We think not. Not more disposed than they are to foist "whiting's eyes for pearls" on the public, satisfied that every one is best served by mediocrity being openly called mediocrity and pretension pretension—we must still hold in warm sympathy all whose hours of recreation, snatched from the midst of heavy toil and domestic duty steadily performed, are spent, not in coarse sensualism, not in inane scandal, not in the dwarfing strife of party politics, but in the outer courts of Poetry and Romance. Many of those despised and anathematized by the select are more true to the diviner nature within them, according to their measure of capacity, than the fastidious, the indolent, or those who imagine that acquisition for the purpose of hoarding (be the treasure even ideas, not ingots) is the sufficient business of life for a man and a citizen.

To return from a remark which may be accepted in balance of our slight value for "Delta" as a poet or novelist—there is little in Mr. Aird's memoir. The extracts from the correspondence are not of any great vigor or value. The following passage is dangerously like a glimpse into every one's "drawing-room of private life." Dr. Moir wrote to Mr. Dickens, on the occasion of certain amateur theatricals, as follows:—

Of theatricals, although a fond admirer, I do not pretend to be a great judge; but, so far as gratification and satisfaction went, I must say that I never sat to representations better sustained. To do Falstaff up to a reader's imagination, I should suppose is utterly impossible; but Mr. Lemon was anything but a failure. Even Pistol has become so much an individual picture in every man's mind, that he also is perhaps better as a 'Yarrow Unvisited.' Yet George Cruikshank did him well; although not up to his Caniphor, which was really itself. Pardon me for saying that I never saw Slender represented before. Scarcely behind you was Costello's Dr. Caius, than which it would be difficult to conceive anything better. It was past 'two o'clock in the morning' before my sides recovered from the *scena* between the two S's.—Some days after you left Scotland, I had the happiness of

meeting George Cruikshank at dinner with Professor Wilson, the Sheriff, Blackwood, and Jay from America. Although I have had some pleasant letters from Cruikshank, I never had an opportunity before of taking his hand. We are very apt to form erroneous notions of the personal appearance of men who have particularly interested us, and in spite of ourselves the mind will—must, I fancy—form an ideal portrait; but with me fancy and fact met in Cruikshank; the reality was exactly what I had expected. Could this be from the perfect truth and originality, which he has imparted to his creations, being only reflections of himself? We were friends in ten minutes; and he gave me some curious and most interesting details of his early life and progress. "The Drunkard" and "The Drunkard's Children" I had both admired and shuddered over; but I must say, in spite of this, that the only thing in him I was not prepared to meet with was—the Tee-totaler. Be he right or wrong for himself, one thing requires consideration. I have known several men of talent and genius who, under the impression that they had been accustomed to live too fully, had become water-drinkers; and it has struck me that the abstraction of the wine might also be noted in the abstraction of that vigor and originality by which their compositions were formerly distinguished. It is a curious subject, and worthy of investigation. Admitting what I have stated to be a fact, the only plausible counter-argument would be, that some breaking-down of the constitution—some threatening of mischief—was the cause why stimulants were abandoned, and not the effect of the abandonment. Wordsworth has been all along a water-drinker; is this the cause why his compositions of early and later years are so much akin to each other? Is it thus that "the child has been father of the man?" You mention your enjoyment of Forster's *Goldsmith*. It is, indeed, a well-written and most interesting book, and gives us everything regarding Oliver that we could wish—perhaps more sometimes; for, before reading the actual history of the man, I had so mixed up Goldsmith with the exquisite associations of "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Traveller," and "The Deserted Village," that all were blent together. How such a harum-scarum should have had his mind in such subjection as to write like an angel, while he often not only talked but acted like poor Poll, must ever remain a mystery. Even Mr. Forster has not sufficiently solved it. Not one oddity of his person or circumstances has Goldsmith imparted to his writings, which, for taste and purity, are equalled by nothing in the English tongue, save the poetry of Campbell and the prose of Irving. I am delighted to learn from you that *Dombey* has been your most successful book. Be your next still more so! But when are we to hear something of it? Depend upon it, the world cannot afford to let you remain idle. At the very least, a Christmas volume will be expected. It will not do to say you require a breathing-time. Something the public demands, and must have. With you, as it was with Sir Walter Scott, they will never think they have had enough, so long as you can wag a pen.

The author of "Beak House" runs some danger of being as well known to the public in all his private relations and affairs as if an *Iachimo* lodged in his strong box. The other day, revelations were made in Lord Jeffrey's "Life" of a startling intimacy; and here is a letter, written in 1848, given to the public four years later—while every one discussed in it save the writer is alive. There is somewhat too much of this, and even if the excuse be, as Mr. Aird's excuse has possibly been, that a biography so lean as Dr. Moir's required larding—such reason, we submit, offers small security or comfort for those who do not covet to have their yesterday's dinner-table talk sold at the railway stations under their very eyes—

and who are in the habit of writing without reserve, in the confidence of privacy, with as little idea of concealment as of being paraded in the columns of the *Athenaeum*. Whether Dr. Moir may or may not have been among those who would have been gratified at the idea of their correspondence being printed, is of small consequence—the practice seems so painfully on the increase as to call for earnest caution. If, however, Mr. Aird in this memoir exceeds discretion, he can probably plead sincere affection for the deceased, which is evident in every line—biographical, anecdotal and critical—put forth by him.

SYMPATHY FOR POETS.—An old man with no friend but his money—a fair child holding the hand of a Magdalen—a delicate bride given over to a coarsely-minded bridegroom—were sights to be troubled at seeing. We should bleed at heart to see either of them. But there is something even more touching to us than these—something, too, which is the subject of heartless and habitual mockery by critics—the first timid offerings to fame of the youthful and sanguine poet. We declare that we never open a letter from one of this class, never read a preface to the first book of one of them, never arrest our critical eye upon a blemish in the immature page, without having the sensation of a tear coined in our heart—never without a passionate though inarticulate "God help you!" We know so well the rasping world in which they are to jostle, with their "fibre of sarcenet!" We know so well the injustices, the rebuffs, the sneers, the insensibilities, *from without*, the impatiences, the resentments, the choked impulses and smothered heart-boundings, *within*. And yet it is not these outward penances, and inward scorpions, that cause us the most regret in the fate of the poet. Out of these is born the inspired expression of his anguish—like the plaint of the singing-bird from the heated needle which blinds him. We mourn more over his *fatuous imperviousness to counsel*—over his haste to print, his slowness to correct—over his belief that the airy bridges he builds over the chasms in his logic and rhythm are passable, by *avoiropous* on foot, as well as by Poesy on Pegasus. That the world is not as much enchanted—(that *we ourselves* are not as much touched and delighted)—with the halting flights of new poets as with the broken and short venturings in air of new-fledged birds—proves over again that the world we live in were a good enough Eden if human nature were as lovable as the rest. We wish it were not so. We wish it were natural to admire anything human-made, that has not cost pain and trial. But, since we do not, and cannot, it is a pity, we say again, that beginners in poetry are offended with kind counsel. Of the great many books and manuscript poems we receive, there is never one from a young poet which we do not long, in all kindness, to send back to him to be re-studied, re-written, and made, in finish, more worthy of the conception. To praise it in print only puts his industry to sleep, and makes him dream he has achieved what is yet far beyond him. We ask the young poets who read this, where would be the kindness in such a case?—*Sharpe's Mag.*

At the Sheriff Small Debt Court of Tain, John Leslie, a cartwright of Blackmuir, endeavored to recover *£1. 6s. 8d.* from the Free Church precentor of Rosskeen parish, because the precentor had prayed for him without authority! Some malicious or foolish person, it would seem, put a note in the precentor's desk, stating that Leslie was dangerously ill, and requesting the prayers of the congregation; they were given; but Leslie was in good health at the time. The sheriff could not see that any injury had been done to the cartwright, and dismissed the action.